

# Collier's


THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXV NO 18  
JULY 29 1905

PRICE 10 CENTS  
\$5.20 A YEAR

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR AUGUST



**AFTER EXERCISE**  
DELICIOUS *Coca-Cola* REFRESHING  
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## Service and the OLDSMOBILE

Just think a moment: Do you buy a particular car because of a peculiar spring adjustment, a few pounds more or less of weight, the motor, the transmission, or the carburetor equipment *alone*, or because of the complete co-ordination of every part to every other part, and the way each part does its work?

When you buy an automobile it's just common business sense to look for the car that gives you the most for your money—the Oldsmobile. If your car is to be an investment and not an expense, it must give you satisfactory service, which means: reasonable first cost, low cost of maintenance, efficiency without complication, hill-climbing ability, speed, and above all, absolute ease of control, especially in emergency—all distinctive Oldsmobile characteristics.

The Oldsmobile is a recognized public utility—as indispensable as the telephone, the typewriter or sewing machine. It fits into your requirements as a business or professional man, as well as into the average pocket-book.

For runabout service you can find no equal to the Oldsmobile Standard Runabout at \$650. Its single cylinder horizontal motor gives durability with freedom from complication. It is equipped with new side springs, which are a revelation in spring suspension. The differential brake is superseded by a ratchet brake acting on a drum attached directly to front sprocket.

Equally serviceable is the Oldsmobile Touring Runabout at \$750.

For touring service the Oldsmobile Touring Car, at \$1,400, is a prime favorite. In design it is distinctive; in construction strong and substantial. Its 20 h. p. two-cylinder motor gives ample speed. It has side entrance tonneau, tilting steering post, and all the latest Oldsmobile improvements. You will find it a tremendous hill climber.

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**OLDS MOTOR WORKS**  
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

## The August Scribner's Fiction Number

### 8 Representative Short Stories

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>PATSIE ODDIE'S BLACK NIGHT</b>                | By James B. Connolly                      |
| <b>THE EMBLEM OF HOME</b>                        | By Eleanor Stuart                         |
| <small>Illustrated by F. W. Taylor</small>       |   |
| <b>EXIT THE PRINCE</b>                           | By Carter Goodloe                         |
| <small>Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball</small>     |   |
| <b>THE GOOD TICKET</b>                           | By Lucia Chamberlain                      |
| <small>Illustrated by May Wilson Preston</small> |   |
| <b>A PILGRIM IN BEULAH</b>                       | By Georg Schock                           |
| <b>DAN CONROY'S TRIUMPH</b>                      | By Edward W. Townsend                     |
| <small>Illustrated by Thornton Oakley</small>    | <small>Author of "Chimmie Fadden"</small> |
| <b>A SECOND-HAND PARADISE</b>                    | By Mary Bronson Hartt                     |
| <small>Illustrated by A. I. Keller</small>       |   |
| <b>THE SNYDER COUNTY GOLD-STRIKE</b>             | By Nelson Lloyd                           |
| <small>Illustrated by F. C. Ransom</small>       |   |

An Illustrated Article by **RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**  
**The Passing of San Juan Hill**

**The Fruits of Japan's Victory** By Thomas F. Millard

Edith Wharton's great serial **The House of Mirth**

OTHER ARTICLES AND POEMS

*Illustrations in color by Maxfield Parrish, Alonzo Kimball, A. I. Keller, Sarah S. Stilwell, and a colored cover designed by Walter Appleton Clark*

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## Tuning up The Automobile

In "tuning up" the auto for a tour, lubrication is the chief consideration. For this purpose *Dixon's Flake Graphite* should be used. Half the pleasure of Automobiling depends upon the lubricant that makes everything go right—and keeps it going right. Write for lubricant booklet—*then you'll know.*

Department AQ  
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ways." It has a  
habit of bobbing  
up regularly. While  
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take care of it.  
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is a good time to learn your food faults and correct them. Food faults in August are costly.

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¶ The food that gives the most nourishment with the least tax upon the stomach and bowels is


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## Autocar

### Type X \$900

### The Runabout That Can Lift 275 Times Its Own Weight

The Autocar Runabout is not a flimsy toy but a **thoroughbred car** built along the lines of the best foreign and American touring cars. **Strong, powerful and fast.** It weighs 1200 lbs. and has a motor of ten horse-power—able to lift 275 times the weight of the car.

This motor is of the two cylinder opposed type—practically vibrationless. Motor is located under hood in front where it is instantly accessible. There are three forward speeds and reverse. The car can be run from 3 to 35 miles an hour, and is a great hill climber. In addition to the above features the Autocar Runabout has **ball bearings, and shaft drive.** The price of this car is \$900. Our catalogue fully describes and illustrates it together with our Type VIII, four passenger, \$1400 car; and our Type XI, four-cylinder, side entrance tonneau, \$2000 car. Catalogue and dealer's name free.

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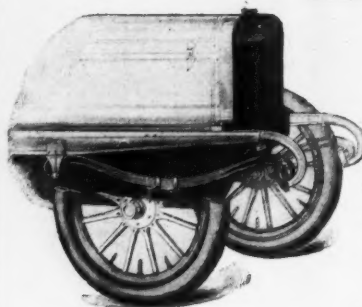
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## Why Winton Twin-Springs save Tires



### A PNEUMATIC TIRE is just a sensitive Spring.

Its compressed air cushion responds to a thousand minor vibrations that never reach the Steel Carriage Springs.

And every vibration is a Bounce, in miniature.

There are just so many Bounces in the life of any Pneumatic Tire.

You may therefore figure Tire-cost at so much per bounce.

And, that cost is tremendously high when compared with the cost, per bounce, of Spring Steel.

But, the regular steel springs on Motor-Cars are too stiff to do the work of Pneumatic Tires.

Because, these steel springs must be made strong enough to receive the hardest shocks, with the heaviest loads.

Thus they cannot be made light enough—sensitive enough—to relieve the Tires of the million minor bounces per hour.

And so, the Pneumatic Tires must do 90 per cent of the springing.

That's why they wear out, and are such an expensive item in the year's running.

That's why the Twin-Springs of the "1905 Winton" were invented and patented.

Because, each of the four Winton Springs is really two springs in one, or eight springs on each carriage.

Note (in picture) that the car-body, and the Motor, ride (in the Winton) on the thin steel of the upper springs.

These upper springs are so sensitive that they respond even quicker than the Tires to slight vibrations, and minor shocks.

They thus do most of the "spring" work before the Pneumatic Tires can do it. In this way they relieve the Tires of about two-thirds the Bouncing that wears them out.

Figure that out in dollars and cents and you'll see its importance. But, these sensitive springs would be impracticable on a car without the Winton auxiliary springs, which are shackled beneath them for emergency work.

When running over rough roads, or with heavy loads, the sensitive upper springs receive the support of the lower springs every time the Car bounces over a railway track, or over a "thank-you-mum."

These auxiliary springs then come into action only when needed, relieving the Tires of their severest work and their most destructive strain.

Consider what these Winton Twin-Springs mean to the life of the Motor, as well as to the wear of the Tires.

Consider the double comfort they give in riding over average country roads.

Consider the greater speed you can drive a Winton at, when you know that the Motor, Tires and Passengers are insured against jar, by these compensating springs.

No other Car can use these Twin Springs. Because, they are an exclusive and patented Winton feature.

There are seven other features as exclusive as these sensitive springs, in "The Winton of 1905."

Drop us a line today and let us tell you about them.

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You pay for it after it has paid you for itself. It will do a regular EIGHT hour washing in FOUR hours, and it won't wear the clothes. We prove this before you pay a cent.

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If, on a four weeks test, you can't wash clothes with it equal to best hand-work, in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear, and with HALF THE EFFORT, send it back to your nearest Railroad Station, that's all.

When you are convinced it saves you FOUR hours labor out of every EIGHT hour weekly washing, KEEP the machine. Then you must pay us 50 cents a week, till the washer is paid for.

The four hours a week our "1900" Washer SAVES YOU would have cost you for washer-woman's time 80 cents. Your own time (if you do the washing yourself), is worth as much as a washerwoman's, and any servant's time costs you board and money equal to this, in the long run.

The "1900" Washer lasts at least five years. Every year it will save you about \$31.20 in labor. In five years this amounts to \$156.00—think of that!

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Isn't this the broadest, and fairest offer ever made you?

We may withdraw it tomorrow, if it overworks our factory.

But all reliable persons who answer this advertisement shall have the benefit of the offer, provided they write to us promptly on reading it. Shall we send you a Washer on trial, to be paid for as it pays you? Answer TODAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. Address me direct for personal attention, viz: R. F. Bieber, Gen'l Mgr., The "1900" Washer Company, 708 North Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers. New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Brema Bldgs., Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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**PRESERVE THE COLORS**  
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MODERN LIFE INSURANCE

AN ADAPTATION FROM THE SEAL OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



ACCORDING TO FRIENDS OF MR. RYAN, who are close enough to him to make their explanations interesting, that financier had three motives in acquiring the Equitable stock from the Hyde estate. One was, to check the financial disaster which he saw impending. If this uneasiness had continued, it would have affected disastrously other insurance companies, and the banks, trust companies, and other units that make up the financial machine. Mr. RYAN had acquired railroad, industrial, and financial interests, among the greatest in the United States. He did not view with complacency the prospect of a confusion in the financial world. The second motive, from this sympathetic point of view, is that he saw rival financial forces making strenuous efforts to acquire the same property. One of these forces is in active rivalry with RYAN interests over new transportation projects in New York City. Mr. RYAN was not particularly eager to have these rival interests secure a lien on the Equitable's loaning resources. The third motive was prestige. By one stroke his financial power has enormously increased. One of his friends remarked that the prestige he acquired by the Equitable purchase was worth \$2,500,000 if he never saw another dollar of this sum again. Such is the inside interpretation of why a man paid \$2,500,000 for stock which can never pay more than \$3,570 in dividends, and on which he is said to expect no other return that is direct. To those who believe that Mr. RYAN bought the Equitable stock for the purpose of continuing the sort of control of the Equitable Society that "J. H. HYDE and Associates" found profitable, the answer is given that too many people are now watching the Equitable for it to be possible for any one to get away in such a gross manner with profits or emoluments. We are extremely pleased to have so authentic an exposition, and we here pause to remark, on our own account, that the second reason given above might, by a little elaboration, stand for the doubts that persist in people's minds, and will persist until they are sure that Mr. RYAN, or Mr. RYAN and Mr. HYDE, can not still control the Equitable when they choose.

THE RYAN SIDE

DEPRAVITY BECOMES SAFE, almost inevitably, and sometimes respectable, when it can accumulate sufficient gold. District Attorney JEROME has finally been able to secure evidence sufficient to arrest one of the agents of "Town Topics" for blackmail. Colonel MANN, however, proprietor of the publication, will hardly land in prison, although he it is who, it is generally understood, forces the socially prominent to pay and be praised, or refuse this blackmail and be maligned. Yet decent women have been known to read that paper and decent business men to advertise in it. It ought to be looked upon as a compliment to be slandered by the paper, for it is a badge of courage to refuse its demands, and praise in its columns means merely that a coward has paid. These are disgusting, trivial examples of crime and vice, and the authors of them are at least excluded from decent company, although they escape the prisons where they belong. The abler men who, in high finance, rob orphans and widowed mothers, are a higher type, for stealing is nobler than petty slander; but even they, in an ideal community, would hardly be looked upon as examples of the highest success, courted in society and regarded with awe by rising youth. Our moral standards need revision, and happily they are getting it. Let us consider the Equitable in this larger light and stick to it until a real improvement is assured.

BIG AND LITTLE

ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY

IRELAND HAS A CONTINUED OUTFLOW of population to America, and an increased inflow of population to the lunatic and idiot asylums. The birth-rate is almost the smallest in the world. The best stock is always anxious to get away, and nothing restrains it save inability to raise the money. The agricultural laborer in seven counties averages less than \$2.50 per week. Farmers go to England and Scotland when temporary increase of labor is needed at harvest, in order to earn for a short time about \$4 per week. Between 1801 and 1901 the population of England and Wales increased from 8,892,536 to 32,526,075; that of Ireland decreased from 5,395,456 to 4,458,775. In 1851 the number of lunatics and idiots in Ireland was 1 in 657; in 1901 it was 1 in 178, or more than four times as large. Cancer and tuberculosis are making rapid strides. Paupers, per 100,000 in England and

Wales since 1863 have decreased about 60%, while in Ireland they have about doubled. Ireland, with less crime than Scotland, is taxed \$5,000,000 more for her police and \$1,000,000 more for her judicial system. Altogether she is overtaxed about \$13,000,000 per year, in return for which she receives a method of government which is an imposition upon the people, against which they have protested always, and which has reduced them to the state in which they are now seen. For centuries England has legislated Irish manufactures out of existence, one after another, and has even injured agriculture. Such is the picture presented by the Irish Reform Association and its President, Lord DUNRAVEN, and it is not overdrawn.

WHAT ENGLAND CAN DO for Ireland, and what Ireland can do herself, are closely related questions, and both are considered with convincing impartiality by the Reform Association. Mr. WYNDHAM's bill is the first step, and as a first step it is beyond price, but as a first step only. Ireland needs capital and she needs all kinds of education, and English individuals and the British Government have every reason to help as an atonement for the past; but what is still more essential is the grant to Ireland of a system by which she can have the stimulation, as well as the immediate advantage, of tending to her own affairs. The Reform Association recognizes fully that Ireland must always be included in the Empire. It asks only that the Imperial Parliament delegate to an Irish assembly a mass of business to which it can not attend, and that in taxation it treat Ireland fairly instead of bleeding her. The Irish also must do their part. They must give up "the internecine warfare which for many years has been one of the main occupations, if not recreations, of a majority of the people," and learn to co-operate instead of fighting among themselves. They must drop the prevalent spirit of hostility and suspicion. The Irish Reform Association speaks with fairness and with wisdom, and it would be a satisfaction to know why it has been frowned upon by Mr. BALFOUR's Government. Was it for reasons similar to those which led to Mr. WYNDHAM's resignation?

REMEDIES FOR IRELAND

IN THIS LAND OF FREEDOM the railroads run with about as much regard for safety as they choose, the National Government taking no part and the State Government being frequently controlled by the road. Why is not the block system of signals everywhere in vogue? Because it costs money, and the absence of it only costs lives. Why are cheap tinder cars allowed everywhere—or anywhere? Corporations and money interests generally in this country are pretty leniently treated by the law. The amount a man's life is worth is often less than what he can recover for being injured. The amount a steamship company can be mulcted for an accident due to cowardice or negligence of its own, as in the *Bourgoigne* and *General Slocum* cases, seems to be limited by the amount of property saved in the accident. Positive favors of the law, however, have less to do with the unexampled danger of travel by land in America than its negative influence—the fact that it has so little to say in regard to methods and appliances for safety. Regarding water travel, where the Government takes more part, the danger is less in inadequacy of the laws than in what may be described as indifference or as the ease with which inspectors are corrupted.

SAFETY VERSUS DOLLARS

"I REALIZED WHEN I MARRIED HIM that he was eccentric," ran the testimony in a recent suit for annulment, "but supposed it to be the eccentricity of genius. . . . He once took me out for a walk in Paris. . . . We met a man with long hair. The man's trousers were patched with a piece of newspaper, and Mr. BRINSMADE said that that man must be a man of genius, and I told him that the man would have shown more common-sense if he had patched his trousers with a piece of cloth instead of paper, but he did not agree with me." They were both right in a way about those patched trousers. Common-sense has never been the necessary concomitant of genius. The highest genius is usually more than common sane, but the lower grades often give some support to theories like that of LOMBROSO, that genius and insanity, if not identical, are at any rate twins, not always to be told apart. But the eccentricity which frequently characterizes both is tiresome

SANITY AND MARRIAGE

REAL

CHURCH LABO





for those who are married to it, even when the genius is real, as Mrs. CARLYLE and MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT bore witness. And if real genius is often difficult, it is likely that when the imitation of it flickers out into mere chaos and grotesquerie love and patience fail and demand release. Much is said about the difficulty of drawing the line. Law and medicine, on this subject, are always querulous. There is a large class of people who might be either "out" or "in," with equal justice, who perplex themselves and harass their relatives with the sanity that is not quite sane, and the madness that has method in it. Could "race suicide" be effectively preached to these people, persuading such as know themselves to be hopelessly neurotic, with hereditary or acquired weaknesses, not to marry, the result might be as beneficial to the nation as if all the desirable unmarried citizens of New England hastened forthwith into matrimony at the President's command.

OXFORD HAS ACTED BRILLIANTLY in selecting GERHARDT HAUPTMANN as the recipient of her LL.D., which she does not confer on everybody, as some of our universities are coming to do, and which she has not conferred on any of the men engaged in furnishing the English stage with plays. HAUPTMANN, next to IBSEN, is the foremost dramatist of our day, and he is first in the soundness and beauty of the thought on which his highly actable plays are built. Oxford could properly bestow such a badge on SUDERMANN, who follows HAUPTMANN closely in Germany, or on ROSTAND, or on ECHEGARAY. Perhaps, when their account is more nearly made up, BARRIE and STEPHEN PHILLIPS may suggest such labels. The London "Outlook" puts in a word for BERNARD SHAW, making an idiotic comparison between him and HAUPTMANN. We are glad that "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and "Man and Superman" are to be produced here next season, very, for they have much wit and some ideas, but to put SHAW in the same class with the author of "The Sunken Bell" and "Teamster Henschel" is merely not to understand the difference between cleverness and intellectual power.

FURTHER REPLIES FROM CLERGYMEN and laymen flow in to the laboring man who explained his difficulty about Sunday hours. Most of them meet the problem fairly, but as some talk ignorantly about what can be done on week-days, we give them, from the same workingman, this information about what the life of labor means:

"I work ten hours a day in a machine shop. Dressing in the morning, eating breakfast, farewells to wife and baby, walking some distance to the shop in good time to get ready before the whistle blows, require at least one hour and a quarter. One hour is consumed at noon going home for dinner and back to work. When I quit work at six in the evening, my hands, often my face, are oil and grease soaked, my whole person in such shape, after ten hours' rushing work amid dust, oil, and noise, that neither I nor anybody else under the same circumstances can walk home, clean up, change clothes, and eat supper in anything less than one and a half hours, and hardly that. I must sleep eight hours in order to recuperate and get my nerves together sufficiently to withstand another ten hours of the same strain and rush. Now this makes altogether twenty-one and three-quarter hours, and since the cycle is complete in twenty-four hours, it follows that I have every day not more than two and a quarter hours in which to associate with my family, help my wife with some of her work (as washing, etc.), read the papers, shave, play the violin, keep the lawn mowed and the garden in shape, do little repair jobs, saw the wood, go to an occasional meeting or shopping expedition or visit, keep track of the inventions and the general progress of my trade, so that I may not be forced to take a back seat, entertain an occasional caller, etc. Don't you see that it is impossible for me to do all these things in two and a quarter hours, when the dust, heat, oil, gas, and noise of the shop have got the best of me while I was bending over my work during the long day, and made me unfit for anything but rest? Don't you see that it is somewhat difficult for me to do justice to that boy of mine, when he comes to me and wants me to tell him something while I am hurriedly glancing over the headings of the paper in the evening? There are always a number of small jobs left over for Sunday, which is the only time at home when I am not tired and longing for rest. And what a joy it is to be home, untired, chatting with my wife, and playing with the boy! The whole Sunday is not long enough for a man to stay home to work and rest and read, and get acquainted with his family."

#### CHURCH FOR LABORERS

The answers have been good, and the workman's letter is good, and we are glad to print both sides. One Massachusetts minister says that no one will blame our laborer very severely for seizing his only opportunity of leisurely companionship with his wife and

child, or for digging in the garden, or for reading a magazine, or for mending the kettle, or for playing his violin. "Yet, after all, is not his persistent neglect of the Church a good deal like the attitude of a person refusing even to look at the sky? There will be plenty on the earth to interest and amuse and instruct him: all kinds of wonderful insects and flowers and stones. Yet he is missing some things which no human being ought to miss." And another, quoting EMERSON'S belief that the people are all poets and mystics, proceeds: "Religion has to do with faith and work, both of which will always be popular with honest, home-loving men, like the one whose opinion you quote. I wish to congratulate you on the religious tone of your editorials."

IN JOHN HAY'S BOOK of travel and observation in Spain, he has a good deal of serious and ironical diversion with the Donish conceptions of dignity and honor. "The rule of honor, as distinguished from honesty and virtue, is the most prominent characteristic of monarchy." "Men of honor" are "far more common than men of virtue," honor being used "in its restricted meaning of an intense sense of personal dignity, and readiness to sacrifice for this all considerations of interest and morality. . . . The word 'honor' is still used in all legislative assemblies, even in England and America. But the idea has gone by the board in all democracies, and the word means no more than the chamberlain's sword or the speaker's mace." So with the word gentleman. He used to be a man at first, of a certain birth, who was expected to live up to a stereotyped code of honor. Now the word means nothing fixed, being sometimes used to indicate a man of cultivated bringing up, and often merely to imply those qualities of heart and character of which the speaker wishes to approve. The Articles of War in this country still use the term, in "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," but the offences gathered under that time-worn phrase would be the same if the last three words were dropped.

#### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN

THE CHARACTER OF MEN is seldom black or white. Our objection to the QUAY statue in Pennsylvania has brought an interesting anecdote from a woman physician in Arizona. When her mother was a child of seven, a group of boys one day worried her about her red hair, which is not popular in small towns or other unæsthetic regions. As she was crying and trying to escape, a boy of twelve or fourteen came around a corner, stopped, and, seeing her unhappiness, approached the owner of the auburn, and said, "Don't cry any more, little girl, I think red hair is pretty, and we'll send these boys off in a hurry." He accomplished this feat, put his arm around the girl, walked with her to a place of safety, and left her consoled. The boy was MATT QUAY, and the daughter is sure that her mother, if living, would contribute to the statue proposed, "to the infamy of his—and my—native State." This lady used to say that QUAY endeared himself to everybody he came in contact with by little personal courtesies of so generous and spontaneous a kind that people would adhere to him and his cause, though, intellectually entirely opposed to his methods—"Out of the heart are the issues of life." She believed Mr. QUAY to be a thoroughly bad man, politically, but the heart spoke loudest; and so it is with many of our most popular and most corrupt politicians.

#### A SIDE OF QUAY

LETTERS FROM THE LADIES on their loves in fiction continue to bring delight, but none of them has ventured yet into the domain of history, and revealed her yearning for LINCOLN, HAMILTON, ANTONY, or GOETHE. The majority continue to select what they deem "strong" men, and women novelists delight to paint these, even as men novelists are given to exaggerating the sweet and gentle. Consequently Rochester has not his greatest popularity with the men, or Amelia with the women. Frequently a novelist will be so enthusiastic about a protagonist of the contrary gender, when the reader is unable to see the charm, that we are compelled to explain it by something clandestine between the writer and the creation. One of the most intelligent expressions we have heard on this topic was from a woman whose favorites included Sidney Carton and HENRY JAMES'S Hyacinth, but a choice where the more obviously or conventionally masculine attributes play so small a part is rare, and would only come from a woman addicted to thinking outside the ordinary ruts.

#### ROCHESTER AND OTHERS

# THE FUNERAL OF PAUL JONES IN PARIS, JULY 6



ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS: A FRENCH REGIMENTAL BAND PLAYING "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" WHILE THE REGIMENT SALUTES THE FLAG



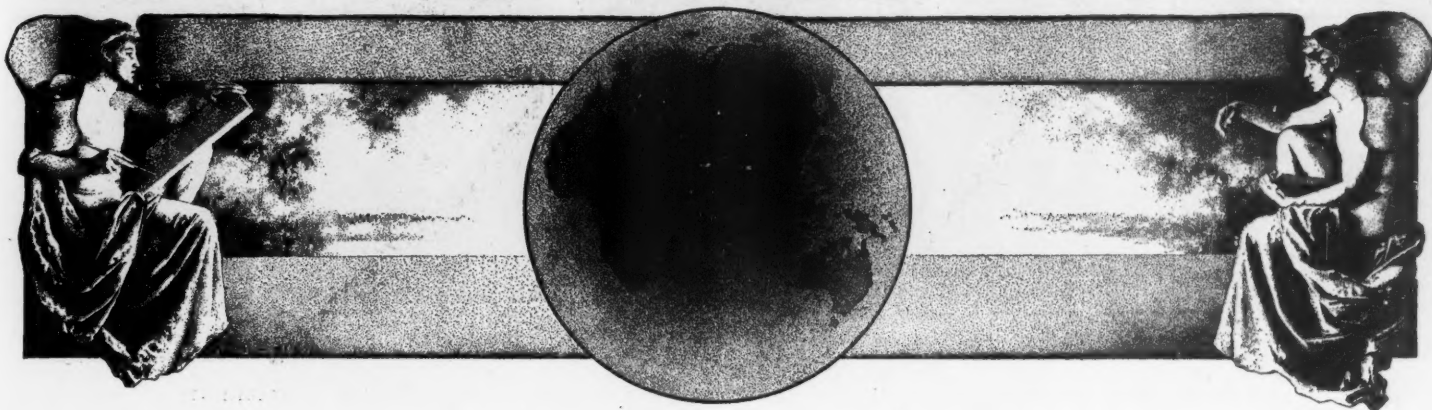
THE ARTILLERY CAISSON, BEARING THE ADMIRAL'S REMAINS, CROSSING THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE



REAR-ADMIRAL SIGSBEE AND THE CAPTAINS OF HIS SQUADRON MARCHING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## DISORGANIZED RUSSIA

THOUGH THE *Kniaz Potemkin* surrendered meekly after a fortnight of aimless activity, the temper of the part of the Russian army and navy stationed at home remained no less dangerous. The men of a firing squad at Libau, told off for the execution of twenty-three of their mutinous comrades, turned their rifles on the officers in command and killed some twelve of them. The omnipresent Cossacks were only able to overpower the squad after a vicious fight, in which twenty or thirty of the rough-riders of the East were slain. A naval officer at Cronstadt shot and killed a reservist for refusing to obey an order, whereupon eight of the man's comrades stabbed the officer to death with their bayonets. Beside such evidences of the utter decay of discipline and loyalty in the forces, the assassination of General Shuvaloff, a bureaucrat of the least offensive type, who had been performing the exacting duties of Prefect of Police at Moscow to the general satisfaction of the people, is a political crime of no great significance.

Even in failure the unhappy crew of the *Potemkin* caused trouble. Opening the sea-cocks of the ship in the harbor of Kustendje, they surrendered as deserters to the Roumanian Government, which promised to release them at any frontier they chose. Russia, however, immediately demanded the custody of the men under a treaty with Roumania which provides for the extradition of criminals, such as the mutinous sailors undoubtedly are in the eye of the law, and Roumania was left to decide which pledge she would violate.

Nicholas, under pressure from the peace party, accepted the resignation of M. Muravieff as a peace commissioner on the conventional excuse of ill health, and appointed in his place M. Witte. This increases the hope for peace without delay, provided the Grand Ducal circle does not change the mind of the Czar once more. Count Witte is beyond doubt the strongest man in Russian politics today, he is the leader of the Liberals, and it was due to his sturdy opposition to the machinations of Alexieff and the war party that he incurred that peevish dislike which is the strongest and most lasting emotion of which Nicholas seems capable. His appointment, therefore, was a hopeful sign, both for its revelation of the existence of a peace party strong enough to combat the reactionaries with the Czar, and for the character of the new commissioner himself.

Every delay in the opening of the negotiations works to Russia's disadvantage. The sudden seizure of the lonely island of Sakhalin by the Japanese

The Petersburg bureaucracy juggles with the peace commission, while disorders increase at home and Russia's influence declines abroad. China's request for representation at the peace conferences was declined by both Japan and Russia. The President has demanded thorough investigation of the cotton scandal. Hendricks's report on the Equitable gave material for criminal prosecution. Commander Peary sailed on another search for the North Pole

was a shrewd move in a game which has been played throughout by Japan with the calm foresight of the Oriental. Once more she is prepared, by this conquest of actual Russian territory, to forestall any possible quibbling by which Russia might claim easy terms of peace on the ground that Japan had gained no permanent advantage over her.

## THE PASSING OF RUSSIAN PRESTIGE

IN EUROPE COALITIONS and alliances take on unaccustomed aspects as Russia's influence declines. France met with a vigor and independence which she has not shown in years the German Emperor's threat of war over her position in Morocco. The extent to which the Republic has shaken off the dragging weight of the *entente cor-*

member of The Hague Tribunal that France offer her services as a mediator between Sweden and Norway. The Scandinavians, however much they may quarrel among themselves, are a unit in their fear of Slavic aggression, and no man of political intelligence would have proposed France as a mediator had not a tacit but general belief existed that the spirit of the Franco-Russian alliance has ceased to give life to the letter.

Russia naturally is vastly interested in the Scandinavian difficulties, for the peninsula offers a dozen of the long-desired ports for which she has taken so many risks. A year ago her voice would have been loud in the council of the Powers. But she is silent, and Norway herself has offered the crown to Prince Charles of Denmark, second son of King Christian. The close ties of the House of Denmark by blood and marriage with half of Europe have given it rare opportunities to reconcile conflicting interests, and it may be that the Norwegians in this way have found the most feasible escape from their difficulties.

## CHINA'S AWAKENING

FOR MANY YEARS the Chinese have been awakening to national self-consciousness, and the most significant fact about the boycott of American goods is that it is a national protest against an insult offered to a race. The exaggerated individualism of Chinese life has been the greatest obstacle to China's greatness as a nation.

The Dalai Lama visited Peking lately, and when he was about to return to Lhasa the Russian Minister offered him an escort of Russian troops. China, on behalf of the colorless Lama, declined the offer with great promptitude, pointing out that the visitor would be all the time on Chinese soil, and very properly would be protected by Chinese troops.

Her modest request for representation on the peace commission was still another sign that she was no longer willing to be treated as a plaything of the Powers. Considering the fact that all the decisive military operations of the war have taken place on Chinese soil and that the peace commissioners will deal largely with the disposition of Manchuria, one of China's richest dependencies, this request would not have seemed absurd if China had only possessed an efficient army and navy.

## THE EQUITABLE

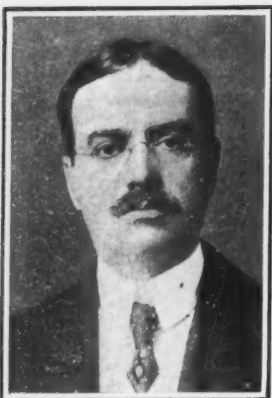
MUCH OF THE testimony given before State Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks during his investigation of the Equitable was made public on July 11. It is a much more hu-



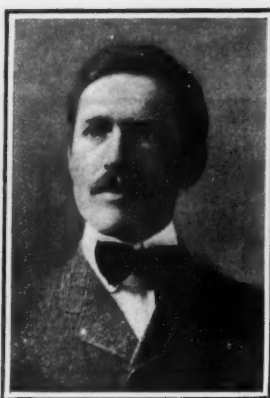
CEREMONIES IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH, PARIS, JULY 6, OVER THE BODY OF PAUL JONES

diale with her unwieldy ally was shown by the quickness with which she arrived at a working agreement with England in this difficulty. That this agreement with their traditional enemy accords with the mood of the French people was shown by their enthusiastic reception of the visiting British fleet, which lay at Brest on July 14 and fired salutes to the destruction of the Bastille.

No less illustrative was the suggestion of a



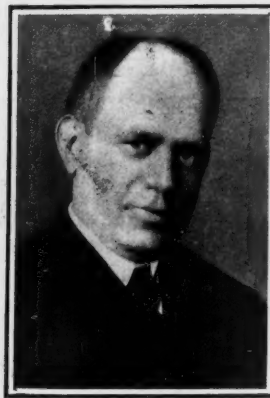
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**CHARLES H. KEEP**  
 Assistant Sec'y of the Treasury, Chairman



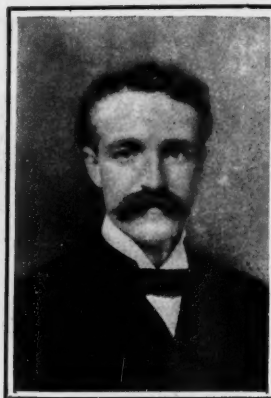
**JAMES R. GARFIELD**  
 Commissioner of Corporations



**FRANK H. HITCHCOCK**  
 Assistant Postmaster-General



**LAWRENCE O. MURRAY**  
 Assistant Sec'y of Commerce and Labor



**GIFFORD PINCHOT**  
 Forester, Department of Agriculture

**THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE OF FIVE, APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE CONDUCT OF ALL GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS**

man and interesting document than the ordinary transcript of evidence.

In it, for instance, the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew told how, as a member of the Equitable's executive committee, he voted to loan \$250,000 of the funds held in trust by him in that capacity to himself in the capacity of an owner of the Depew Improvement Company, despite the fact that the value of the property to be mortgaged as security for the loan had been appraised by the State Department of Insurance at only \$150,000.

Mr. Depew also related how he and Mr. V. P. Snyder, as a committee appointed for that purpose, decided to increase the salary of young Mr. Hyde to \$100,000, because the young man's father, "if he hadn't given all his energies to running three or four hundred millions up for the Equitable . . . might have been a hundred millionaire." The Senator's sense of justice is strong, and he immediately increased President Alexander's salary to an equal figure because, as he said, "I certainly wouldn't have voted to give more salary to the vice-president than to the president."

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff of the finance committee testified that his firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. had sold many millions in securities to the Equitable and bought them back at a price several points lower. Most of Mr. Schiff's evidence exposed bad business judgment rather than crime, but he made the sworn statement that the entries in the Equitable records, recording the purchase of blocks of Union Pacific preferred stock aggregating in par value \$1,780,000 from Kuhn, Loeb

& Co., must be false, since Kuhn, Loeb & Co. had never sold any Union Pacific preferred to the Equitable.

It is such evidence as this that has been put into the hands of Attorney-General Mayer and District Attorney Jerome, and the Attorney-General is already preparing for the criminal prosecution of some of the directors.

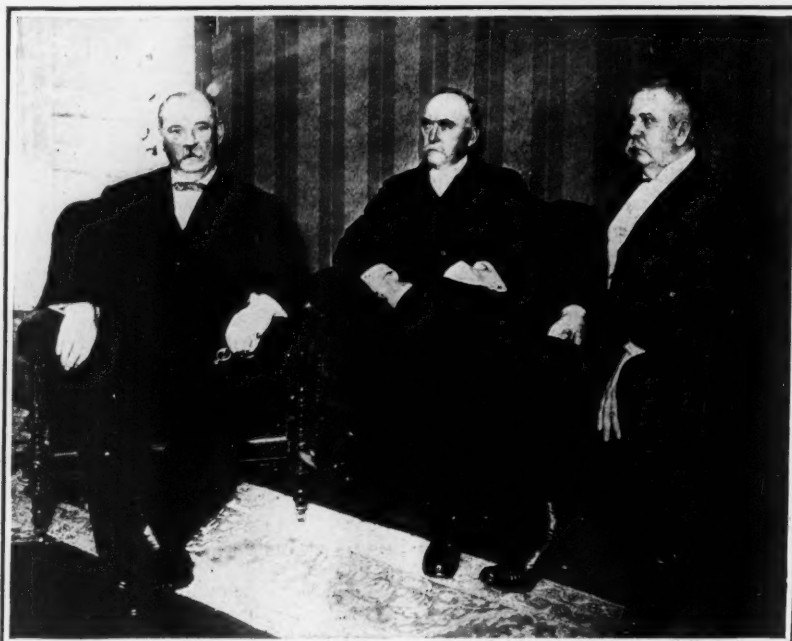
Twelve more of the directors who, under the agreement, are to represent directly the policy-holders of the society, have been nominated by Mr. Cleveland and his fellow trustees, and were elected by the executive committee on July 14,

and the resignations of three more directors "of the old school" were accepted. This election gave the policy-holders twenty of the twenty-eight directors to whom they are entitled under the agreement between Mr. Ryan and the trustees, and left five vacancies on the board. Under the Equitable's charter every director must own at least five shares of the society's stock, and it is still a question whether a policy-holder can qualify otherwise.

**WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY**

IN A RECENT NUMBER OF COL-  
 LIER'S a description was given of the successful experiments on the Chicago and Alton Railroad in sending messages between the general offices and a swiftly moving train. On this subject Mr. Earle B. Phelps, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes:

It might be of interest to your readers to know that wireless or induction telegraphy had its birth, and one might say its early "bringing up," along just that line. A trifle over twenty years ago, or, to be exact, in February, 1885, there was carried out on the Lehigh Valley Railroad between Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and Easton, Pennsylvania, just such a test as you have described, at which officials of the road and many prominent electricians and guests witnessed for the first time a practical demonstration of the induction system of telegraphy. This system in its practical application was the invention of Mr. L. J. Phelps, although the principles upon which it was based had been previously suggested. For his invention Mr. Phelps, in 1886, was awarded the medal of the Franklin Institute, satisfactory evidence, it would seem, of the



GROVER CLEVELAND      MORGAN J. O'BRIEN      GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, JR.  
 The trustees of the Thomas F. Ryan stock in the Equitable Life Assurance Society



Congratulating Thery, the winner of the event



A sharp and dangerous turn in the course near Rochefort

**THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE FOR THE BENNET CUP OVER THE AUVERGNE COURSE, FRANCE**



priority of his discovery. Infringement suits led later to the merging of the original Phelps Induction Telegraph Company with the Edison and Gilliland interests to form the Consolidated Railway Telegraph Company. For a considerable period this company operated regular telegraph offices on the trains of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The more recent and marvelous developments in wireless telegraphy, due to the use of high-tension currents and delicate receiving apparatus, are great advances and make possible the use of the system over long distances. If, however, an application of induction telegraphy—for it is not wireless in this case—is to be again made in railroad work, these improvements will not only be unnecessary, but entirely impractical. It seems therefore to the writer, a son of Mr. Phelps, that full credit is due to that pioneer who gave to the world the first practical system of train telegraphy, a system whose only fault was the one so common to great things: it was in advance of its time.

#### ENTHUSIASMS

**A** DISINCLINATION TO let as sleeping dog lie is one of the strongest characteristics of Mr. Roosevelt. General Leonard Wood, after a somewhat strenuous and not wholly satisfactory year among our Mohammedan wards of Mindanao and Sulu, has taken a leave of absence in the United States for the summer.

On July 12, the President said in a speech to the Association of Physicians of Long Island:

"This country has never had better work done for it—that is, work that reflected more honor upon the country or for humanity at large—than the work done for it in Cuba. And the man who above all others is responsible for doing that work so well was the present Major-General Leonard Wood. Leonard Wood did in Cuba just the kind of work, that, for instance, Lord Cromer has done in Egypt. We have not been able to reward Wood in anything like the proportion that services such as his would have been rewarded in any other country of the first rank in the world, and there has been no meaner and more unpleasant manifestation in all our public history than the feelings of envy and jealousy manifested toward Wood."

When the President gets old—if he ever does—he may be interested in comparing these superlatives with the others he has applied to Mr. Morton, Mr. Loomis, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Wallace, General Miles, and the rest.

#### A PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE

**C**OMMANDER PEARY has been unusually successful in retaining public interest in a feat of daring whose accomplishment is really only of sentimental importance. That interest, which year after year has taken practical form in the contribution of large sums of money for the work, is largely due to the personality of the man. Commander Peary is really a professional athlete, with all the minute knowledge of the expert, and all the dash and hardihood and modesty of the best type of sportsman. He sails north this summer under unusually favorable conditions. For the first time he has a steamer in place of the ordinary whaling vessel, which is a sailing-ship with low-powered auxiliaries. With this steamer, the *Roosevelt*, he hopes to reach a point for his winter quarters less than five hundred miles from the Pole, for which he will make a dash over the ice at the season best suited for such travel. As he has already made, with serious inconvenience, several sledge jour-

neys much longer than this, he has a good fighting chance of arriving at his long-sought goal.

#### SPANISH-AMERICAN WEAKNESSES

**T**HOUGH THE LITTLE Cuban ship of state has proceeded thus far with moderate unobtrusiveness, indications of rocks on which she may split have not been wanting. The Spanish-

inter-island merchant fleet has been growing foul at its moorings for lack of cargo, jealousies have arisen between American and native officials. Ladrónism, over which funeral services have been read so often, is as common as ever, and Cavité and Batangas, the two provinces which are the heart of Luzon and were the cradle of insurrections in Spanish days, have been under martial law for months. The machine of civil government is running neither smoothly nor effectively.

Mr. Taft has little time or energy to spare for a summer tour of the Pearls of the Orient, no matter how pleasant his companions may be. The Secretary, too, is the sort of man who does things when he goes anywhere, as witness the results of his visits to Rome and Panama. He will find no lack of material to work on in our half-forgotten dependency.

#### SUBMARINE PUZZLES

**T**HE BIG AND complicated torpedoes which we call submarine boats are vain things for safety. The latest accident was the foundering, off the coast of Tunis, of the French boat *Farfadet*. She began sinking without apparent cause during a surface run. The officer in command and two seamen were on deck and escaped by swimming,

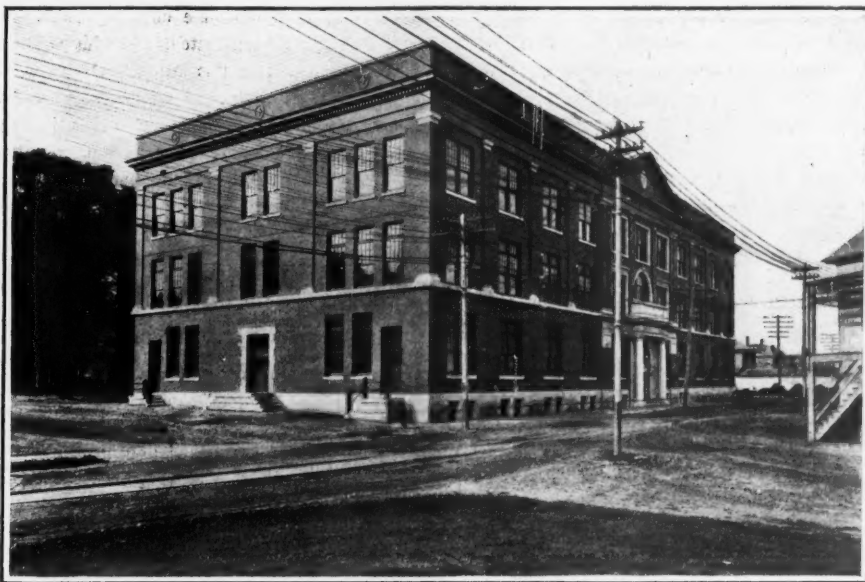
after an unsuccessful attempt to replace the cover of the hatch. The other thirteen of the crew barricaded themselves in the after compartment of the boat by a bulkhead and had the misfortune to live for several days while attempt after attempt was vainly made to raise the boat and rescue them.

England has lost three boats, one sunk by collision while submerged, one at her dock, and one in much the same manner as the *Farfadet*, by taking water into her open hatch while attempting a turn in a seaway. American crews have suffered nothing worse than bad air from overlong immersions. Ardent patriots may attribute this immunity to the inherent American superiority in all things, but the commissioned and enlisted fatalists who navigate the boats give due credit to the element of luck.

#### PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE

**T**HE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA was elected on the understanding that he would do nothing at all. He is breaking that promise every day. The Mayor of Chicago was elected in a contest over street railways, and his pledge to bring about immediate municipal ownership won him the election over an opponent who believed no less thoroughly in municipal control, but desired to take the roads over legally as their franchises expired.

Mayor Dunne promised more than he could perform. After calling in Mr. James Dalrymple, the expert in control of the publicly owned tramways of Glasgow, he has decided, less than three months after taking office, that municipal ownership is impossible at present, but hopes to persuade five eminent and trusted citizens—if so many can be found in Chicago—to build and equip two hundred and forty miles of street railways and sell the system to the city whenever the latter is ready to buy. Judge Dunne's curious impracticability, together with the inability to take prompt and effective action displayed by him during long weeks of labor anarchy, make it probable that Chicago will be less moved by the Mayor when he promises things again.



THE GENERAL STORES BUILDING, PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD

Where the Russian and Japanese Peace Commissioners will hold their meetings

American has a fatal liking for firearms and warlike glory. In the tenderloin district of Havana, on July 10, some soldiers, some toughs, and some policemen got into a fight. A company of artillerymen rushed to the scene of the disturbance, without orders, to preserve order, which they did by firing on the police with such hasty goodwill and lack of aim that they shot their own captain. Given a rifle and a uniform, our tropic neighbor rises superior to both civil law and military regulations with no thought of the morrow. The



THE SITE OF THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD

This cleft is to be walled up by the Government to store the water of Salt River, Arizona, for irrigation. The convex dam of cyclopean rubble will be 270 feet high—110 feet higher than Niagara Falls—and 300 feet thick at the base. It will make a lake sixteen miles long and two miles wide, which will irrigate 265,000 acres of land. The dam, whose construction is already under way, will cost \$1,146,000.

police and the army possess both, and each is abnormally jealous of the other's pretension to the admiration of the fickle public.

#### IS IT ALL A JUNKET?

**S**ECRETARY TAFT HAS SAILED for the Philippines in command of a large party of Congressmen, ladies, and miscellaneous folk. Things have not been going well in the Archipelago for a long time. Business and industry are languishing, the

# THE INFERNO OF THE THIRD CLASS

*A Picture of Conditions in the Steerage of Transatlantic Steamships*

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

The million immigrants brought to the United States this year, although the most profitable class of passengers to the steamship companies, and paying one-third of first-class fare, were for the most part grossly mistreated. All this was done in defiance of the American laws. Direct and circumstantial proof of these conditions is presented in this article. Overcrowded in unventilated, filthy, dark holes; fed worse than the inmates of a penitentiary; driven about by blows, and compelled to wallow in indescribable refuse, these unfortunate people make voyages that last from eight to eighteen days. The law makes it mandatory on federal officers to compel the reform of a majority of the abuses described in this article, although some demand new legislation. Grounds for action have been laid before the proper authorities in the last two years by Mr. Brandenburg, but entirely without result.

THE steamship agents are law-abiding citizens and the steamship companies obey the laws of the country strictly," said Emil Boas, general manager of the Hamburg-American Line and leading member of the North Atlantic Conference of Steamship Companies, addressing the Civic Federation in New York a month ago.

"It is because they have to obey that the steamship companies do comply with the laws," said Immigration Commissioner Robert Watchorn, grimly, a few minutes later, whereat those who knew something of the inside of immigration chuckled with glee.

In the disclosures which are to follow, I wish to present some idea of the outrageous way in which the various big immigrant-carrying lines interpret, evade, and violate the United States laws designed to protect the immigrant, and the health of the country to which he comes. I will show something of how federal officials administer these laws and give a few revolting glimpses into the throng of cruel, inhuman abuses that result from the mess.

Eighteen months ago I made public some scant descriptions of the wretched treatment of that most profitable class of passenger traffic, the despised steerage. Shortly after I sat in the Ellis Island offices with Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor Victor H. Metcalf, Commissioner-General of Immigration Frank P. Sargent, and William Williams, then Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, and discussed the steerage accommodation question. I made affidavits to things I had witnessed in steerage voyages, and Mr. Williams said to Secretary Metcalf: "Mr. Secretary, these terrible things Mr. Brandenburg has told you have been sworn to over and over again by passengers, in this office. You may not know it, but there are stringent laws, and the enforcement lies in your department. We have abundant evidence here on file and at your command."

I then said that I intended to pursue the matter and see if reforms could not be brought about, and offered my evidence, and the evidence of agents in my employ, etc., to the new Secretary of the department. Having given due warning to the steamship companies in public print, and having declared my intentions to the authorities within whose power the administration of the law and the punishment of the lawbreakers lies, there can be but one answer to the charges to follow. If there has been the slightest indication of increased rigor, I have not been able to find it, and conditions have been worse this past season in the grand immigrant rush than before. Not an arrest has been made; not an attempt at prosecution; not even an adequate official report on conditions secured.

Much improvement would be obtained if the present laws were properly enforced, but even so the ancient act of 1882 was framed to meet the exigencies of another and older day, and is so obscure in portions as to be evaded by the companies with perfect safety. There are two divisions of outrages, one being the treatment of third-class passengers, and the other the risking of hundreds of thousands of lives annually by reason of insufficient life-preserving arrangements.

## The Law on Crowding

Taking up the first class of abuse, I will give briefly the points covered in the law regulating the immigrant-carrying ships.

As to overcrowding: "That it shall not be lawful for the master of a steamship or other vessel whereon emigrant passengers, or passengers other than cabin passengers, have been taken at any port or place in a foreign country or dominion (ports and places in foreign territory contiguous to the United States excepted) to bring such vessel and passengers to any port or place in the United States

unless the compartments, spaces, and accommodations hereinafter mentioned have been provided, allotted, maintained, and used for and by such passengers during the entire voyage; that is to say, in a steamship the compartments or spaces, unobstructed by cargo, stores, or goods, shall be of sufficient dimensions to allow for each and every passenger carried or brought therein one hundred cubic feet, if the compartment or space is located on the main deck or on the first deck next below the main deck of the vessel, and one hundred and twenty cubic feet for each passenger carried or brought therein if the compartment or space is located on the second deck below the main deck of the vessel; and it shall not be lawful to carry or bring passengers on any deck other than the decks above mentioned. . . . In computing the number of such passengers carried or brought in any vessel, children under one year of age shall not be included, and two children between one and eight years of age shall be counted as one passenger. . . . The master of a vessel coming to a port or place in the United States in violation of either of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and if the number of passengers other than cabin passengers carried or brought in the vessel, or in any compartment, space, poop, or deck-house thereof, is greater than the number allowed to be carried or brought therein, respectively, as hereinbefore prescribed, the said master shall be fined fifty dollars for each and every passenger in excess of the proper number, and may also be imprisoned not exceeding six months."

## The Law on Beds and Ventilation

As to berths: "The berths shall be properly constructed, and be separated from each other by partition, as berths ordinarily are separated, and each berth shall be at least two feet in width and six feet in length; . . . and each berth shall be occupied by not more than one passenger over eight years of age; but double berths of twice the above-mentioned width may be provided, each double berth to be occupied by no more and by none other than two women, or by one woman and two children under the age of eight years, or by husband and wife, or by a man and two of his

own children under the age of eight years, or by two men personally acquainted with each other. All the male passengers upward of fourteen years of age who do not occupy berths with their wives shall be berthed in the fore part of the vessel, in a compartment divided off from the space or spaces appropriated to the other passengers by a substantial and well-secured bulkhead; and unmarried female passengers shall be berthed in a compartment separated from the spaces occupied by other passengers by a substantial and well-constructed bulkhead, the opening or communication from which to an adjoining passenger space shall be so constructed that it can be closed and secured. . . . Families, however, shall not be separated except with their consent. Each berth shall be numbered serially, on the outside berth-board, according to the number of passengers that may lawfully occupy the berth; and the berths occupied by such passengers shall not be removed or taken down until the expiration of twelve hours from the time of entry, unless previously inspected within a shorter period. For any violation of either of the provisions of this section, the master of the vessel shall be liable to a fine of five dollars for each passenger carried or brought on the vessel."

As to light and ventilation: "That every such steamship or other vessel shall have adequate provision for affording light and air to the passenger-decks and to the compartments and spaces occupied by such passengers, and with adequate means and appliances for ventilating the said compartments and spaces. To compartment having sufficient space for fifty or more of such passengers, at least two ventilators, each not less than twelve inches in diameter, shall be provided, one of which ventilators shall be inserted in the forward part of the compartment and the other in the after part thereof, and shall be so constructed as to ventilate the compartment, and additional ventilators shall be provided for each compartment in the proportion of two ventilators for each additional fifty of such passengers carried or brought in the compartment. All ventilators shall be carried at least six feet above the uppermost deck of the vessel, and shall be of the most approved form and construction."

Then follow very specific requirements concerning closets, of which I and my assistants have found the grossest violations, but to enter into which would mean an unnecessary disgusting of the reader, so that no attempt will be made to consider this feature of the abuses. The section continuing specifies the penalty:

"For any violation of either of the provisions of this section, or for any neglect to conform to the requirements thereof, the master of the vessel shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars."

As to the service of food: "Three meals shall be served daily at regular and stated hours, of which hours sufficient notice shall be given. . . . Tables and seats shall be provided for the use of passengers at regular meals. And for every wilful violation of the provisions of this section the master of the vessel shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars and be imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months."

## Concerning Cleanliness

As to cleanliness: "The said master shall cause the compartments and spaces provided for, or occupied by, such passengers to be kept at all times in a clean and healthy condition; and to be, as often as may be necessary, disinfected with chloride of lime, or by some other equally efficient disinfectant. Whenever the state of the weather will permit, such passengers and their bedding shall be mustered on deck, and a clear and sufficient space on the main or any upper deck of the vessel shall be

## Is the Westward Voyage Safer than the Eastward?

The following table gives specimen voyages of a few of the many liners that bring more passengers into New York than their American certificates permit them to take out; they are limited according to their life-saving devices and safe capacity. This points with certainty to the core of the rottenness of a situation which will some day cost hundreds of lives in a great sea catastrophe. These twenty-four vessels carried 25% more than their certified safe capacity

SHIP	LINE	DATE OF CERTIFICATE	ARRIVED	CARRIED (all classes)	ALLOWED	EXCESS
Sardegna	Italian Mail	May 9	June 22	1,185	212	773
Nord America	La Veloce	Aug. 15	April 23	1,370	1,252	118
Furnessia	Anchor	June 30	Sept. 6	982	800	182
Calabria	Anchor	Sept. 29	May 13	1,243	1,210	33
La Bretagne	French	Dec. 2	March 27	1,218	962	256
Napolitan Prince	Prince	March 14	June 8	1,139	1,056	83
Giulia	Austrian	Aug. 10	Nov. 26	1,168	1,110	58
Buenos Aires	Spanish	Oct. 13	June 10	1,026	746	280
Vaderland	Red Star	March 25	May 17	1,610	1,068	542
Sicilia	Italian Mail	April 4	May 18	1,216	372	844
Gerly	Austrian	July 8	May 8	1,440	1,185	255
Gr. Kurluerst	Lloyd	May 26	April 5	2,247	2,010	237
Bremen	Lloyd	Nov. 11	May 24	2,010	1,900	110
Armenia	Hamburg-Am.	June 2	May 29	1,137	1,104	33
Pretoria	Hamburg-Am.	March 9	March 27	2,909	2,789	120
Pennsylvania	Hamburg-Am.	Dec. 13	April 22	3,094	2,266	827
Roma	Fabre	June 17	June 14	1,262	489	773
Oceanic	White Star	Dec. 13	Nov. 10	1,618	1,332	286
Rosterdan	Holland-Am.	Nov. 15	April 5	1,426	1,096	330
Antonio Lopez	Spanish	Nov. 14	May 13	1,015	941	74
Patria	Fabre	March 30	May 29	990	32	958
Italia	Anchor	April 3	May 20	1,444	1410	34
Citta di Napoli	La Veloce	Dec. 3	May 8	1,445	1,338	107
Slavonia	Cunard	May 2	May 15	1,044	1,000	44
				35,541	28,074	7,467





THE LAW DEMANDS SERVICE OF FOOD AT TABLES, WITH SEATS

This is the steerage dining saloon on board the American Line steamship "St. Paul," and is representative of the accommodations afforded by this company in compliance with the law



This is the way steerage passengers are compelled to eat their meals on most of the emigrant-carrying lines. The photograph was taken on the North-German Lloyd steamship "Lahn"

set apart, and so kept, for the use and exercise of such passengers during the voyage. For each neglect or violation of any of the provisions of this section the master of the vessel shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars."

As to privacy of passengers: "That neither the officers, seamen, nor other persons employed on any such steamship or other vessel shall visit or frequent any part of the vessel provided or assigned to the use of such passengers, except by the direction or permission of the master of such vessel first made or given for such purpose, and every officer, seaman, or other person employed on board of such vessel who shall violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding twenty days, for each violation; and the master of such vessel who directs or permits any officer, seaman, or other person employed on board the vessel to visit or frequent any part of the vessel provided for or assigned to the use of such passengers, or the compartments or spaces occupied by such passengers, except for the purpose of doing or performing some necessary act or duty as an officer, seaman or other person employed on board of the vessel, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be fined not more than one hundred dollars for each time he directs or permits the provisions of this section to be violated."

#### Federal Officers Responsible

As to responsibility for enforcement: "That the collector of customs of the collection district within which, or the surveyor of the port at which, any such steamship or other vessel arrives, shall direct an inspector or other officer of the customs to make an examination of the vessel, and to admeasure the compartments or spaces occupied by the emigrant passengers, or

passengers other than cabin passengers, during the voyage; and such measurement shall be made in the manner provided by law for admeasuring vessels for tonnage; and to compare the number of passengers found on board with the list of such passengers furnished by the master to the customs officer; and the said inspector or other officer shall make a report to the aforesaid collector or surveyor, stating the port of departure, the time of sailing, the length of the voyage, the ventilation, the number of such passengers on board the vessel, and their native country, respectively,

the cubic quantity of each compartment or space, and the number of berths and passengers in each space, the kind and quality of the food furnished to such passengers on the voyage, etc.; and the said reports shall be forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury at such times and in such manner as he shall direct." It should here be stated that the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor arranged the transfer of these matters to the Secretary of that department.

Before laying down beside the law facts for which I have good and sufficient proof, as well as the testimony of my own eyes and nose, particular attention should be called to the demands of the law that there be one hundred cubic feet of space on the first or main and first decks, and one hundred and twenty cubic feet per person on the second deck below; that there shall be partitions between the berths except where double berths are devised; that there must be service of food three times per day, with tables and seats for the passengers; that the ventilation must be sufficient; that the compartments must be kept clean at all times; that families shall not be separated; that certain compartments must be reserved for the unmarried women; that members of the ship's crew must not be in the compartments unnecessarily; that the responsible parties are the masters of the ships, the inspectors, the Surveyor of the Port, and the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor; that this law has been in force twenty-three years.

#### Horrors on the "Lahn"

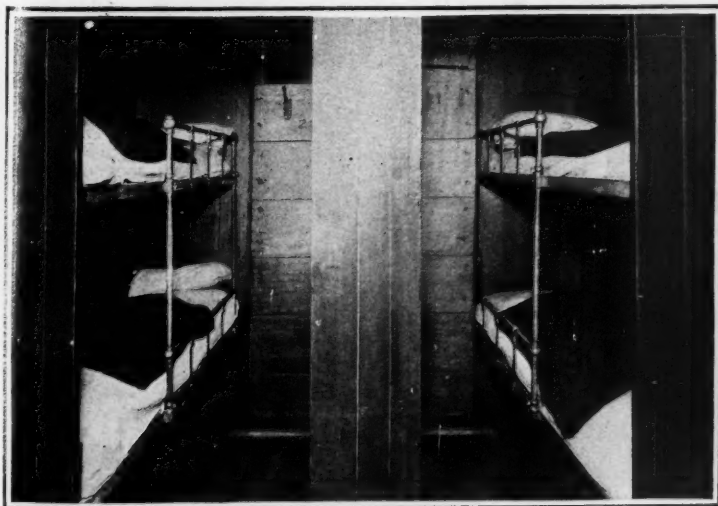
In a voyage in the steerage from New York to Naples on board the steamship *Lahn*, made by my wife and myself, studying the under side of the immigration question, we were given as we came aboard each a blanket in which was a tin pan, a tin cup, a fork, and a spoon, and a card enti-

(Continued on page 28.)

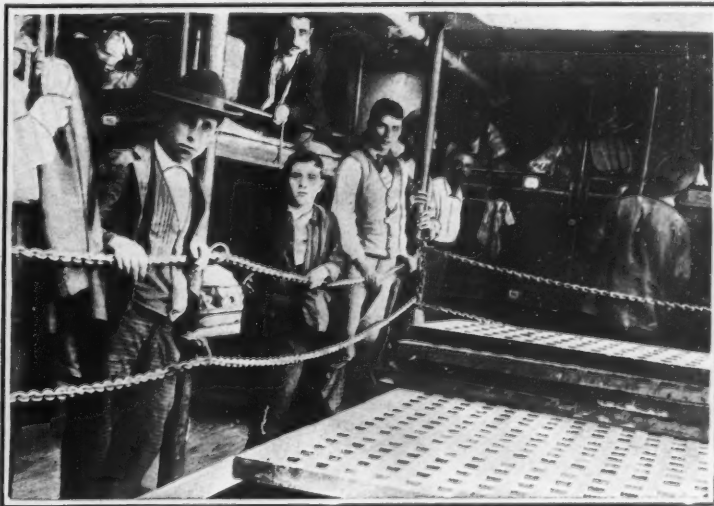


NO PRIVACY FOR THESE WOMEN

These passengers on "La Bretagne," of the French line, are huddled together, with life preservers for pillows, baggage piled in the berths, and no partitions between the bunks as required by law



This is the kind of a room provided for steerage passengers on the ships of the American and the Cunard lines, in compliance with the law—partitions and sufficient cubic air-space



Steerage quarters on the North-German Lloyd steamship "Princess Irene." There are no partitions, and the overcrowding is obvious. The author slept in his compartment



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ASKING THE O

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA





# HOLD FOLKS

BY CHAS. DANA GIBSON

# BY PATHS OF FLAME

*The Change that was Wrought in a Woman's Heart*

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



Astride the saddle sat a tiny three-year-old boy

THE woman stood at the rickety gate looking outward. Before her lay a valley, flanked on the right and left by forests. In the valley were two dry, leathery fields on either side of a water-course, a brook licked dry to its sanded bottom by long-continued drought. Following the flexures of the dead stream, a road of yellowish dust went winding down the valley and lost itself in a wood. The woman was looking southward. Back of her stood a small, weather-beaten house with a summer kitchen at the rear. Beyond that lay a stable and a sloping field, with a black mare and black-nosed bay colt nibbling here and there at blades of grass that rooted beneath the ground-rail of the fence. The two animals were gaunt; the bay colt would be black some day. Back in the forest twilight had begun pitching its purple tents, afar in the west drooped a bleeding sun, crushed beneath fallen crags of gold.

The woman was a slender creature, narrow of chest, rather tall, with long, tapering fingers, and a face that oddly blended the pyriform and oval in its lines. The chin was pointed, the mouth petulant in its droop at the corners, the eyes gray-blue and a shade too small. Viewed from any angle, she presented touches of beauty, viewed from any angle she also displeased the eye. The offence was hardly physical, rather a lack of spiritual breadth, benignity, toleration. Her narrow hands and eyes, her contracted look, seemed to promise jealousy and nagging. Her age was twenty-seven.

"I wish Nat would keep th' child away; I wish he'd not bring it here," she said, with a movement of repugnance and impatience. "I know the child's hisen, but I don't want nothing to do with it. He ought to be decent enough to let his mother bring it up. He knows how I despised Sally Hanks anyhow!"

She shook the gate slightly, gripping the unpainted pickets until her sharp knuckles showed pale. A kitten rolled upon its back at her feet, pulling at the skirt of her gown with tangling claws, a small black dog came and stood by her, looking up at her troubled face inquiringly. He wagged his tail and barked once sharply, then remained expectant, but she gave no heed. The great apron of forest flowing down from the western hills looked full of wrinkles, in the wrinkles a yellowish light stirred like golden water; the forest flood to the eastward rose in long southward bending heaps over which ran ethereal gleamings of yellow and rose; the leathery fields looked pleasant, the valley was steeped in peace. But the peace of the place, the pools of yellow ether rocking in the forest's lap, the sky's thin films of pink, the glory in the west, were unseen, unfelt by the woman. Her eyes looked troubled, unsteady, heated. She turned half around, then back again to the gate.

"I hadn't ought t' feel so," she burst out; "it's mean and low! I won't feel so—I won't, I won't! But he hadn't ought t' bring th' child here for me to raise! It's hisen and hern, an'—I don't believe I can ever stan' it to have it 'round me! Mebbe it'll be for years and years I'll have to stan' it—always bein' reminded, always seein' him an' her together when I see their young 'un. He's meant t' bring it here—course he wants t' have his child—he'd be meaner yet if he didn't—but, oh, I don't want t' have Sally Hanks' child by him t' take keer of! I don't believe I can ever do it! I'll have t' try—I've always keered for him awful. There they are—now!"

A wave as of red heat ran up her neck and over her face, she brushed her hands back over her brown hair and caught hold of the gate again. A stalwart man on horseback came out of the woods a half mile away, following the road toward the house. Astride the saddle in front of him and within the circle of his left arm sat a tiny three-year-old boy. In the yellow light wimpling down upon them from the slanting sea of tree-tops, the man and horse and child looked clear and

large. Seeing the woman at the gate, the man took off his hat and swung it about his head, emitting a long, mellow "W-a-h-o-o-o!" The call told of big lungs and a strong throat. The woman's eyes dwelt upon the child rather than upon the man; she made a gesture of disgust and turned and went into the house. With the lapse of five minutes the man rode up to the yard fence.

"Here, Swan, here's the kid; come and get him!" he called, and sat in the saddle waiting, a teasing, half-apologetic grin hovering about his bearded mouth. His face was big and bronzed and rough-hewn, about the straight nose were small-pox scars, the eyes were of a keen blue and netted at the outer corners with thread-like lines, as if the man had laughed a good deal during life. His big legs were clad in denim, thrust into cowhide boots, his waistcoat and shirt-collar were open and his sleeves rolled up, for the August day had been cruelly hot. He blew his heavy mustache outward with a great breath.

"Whew! this saddle is 'bout as comfortable as a hot stove-lid," he laughed.

"Son, I guess she's gone back on us. I was afraid she'd buck, but I reckon it'll be all hunky when she gets acquainted with you. I'll just drap you over th' fence an' you run along into th' house to her. Tell her I sent a kiss by you."

He lifted the little fellow in his great hands and held him aloft a moment, shaking him softly and laughing, then swayed over in the creaking, sweat-dampened saddle and dropped the boy upon his feet inside the fence. "Run along into th' house now an' tell y'r future mammy that we are hungry," he said, "an' don't forget 'bout th' kiss." Turning the horse, he rode along the fence to the right, and opening a large gate, led the weary animal toward the stable.

The child looked about him timidly, but with manifest interest. His eyes were liquid jet, his cheeks rosy, his hair a tangle of dark curls. In one pudgy fist he clutched a soiled straw hat, in the other a "nigger" doll. Tiny denim trousers and a calico shirt comprised his apparel; he stood, a barefoot, winsome pygmy-man. Almost instantly the dog was licking the child's hands; the kitten, shocked by the unexampled abruptness of this guest's arrival, moved sidewise toward the house, bristling its spine and glaring. The woman came to the door. The light from the red-ribboned west fell against her face; her lineaments suddenly looked like reddish brass. Like the kitten, she bristled and glared. The child looked at her wonderingly.

"He might just as well have fetched Sally Hanks here and set 'er afore me," the woman fumed; "same eyes, same hair, same complexion, same look! Mercy, how can I ever—!"

The child advanced toward the door, dragging the doll along the ground by its one remaining foot. He looked up at the woman persuasively, yet with manifest fear. Thrusting a small, soiled thumb into his rosy mouth, he gurgled: "I is Toddie; I is brung a tiss; Papa-Nat he tole me."

The woman stared at him steadily, fiercely, for a few moments, distaste and toleration struggling for supremacy in her breast. The child twisted his little body nervously and pushed the doll's foot into his mouth, gazing about him bashfully. "Papa-Nat said we is hungry," he faltered.

The woman roused herself. A vision had floated before her, an amazing bubble of fancy peopled with scenes that tortured her. The sloe-eyed Sally Hanks and Nat Wilson at the altar, her rival's smile of triumph, the half-pitying, half-mocking glances of those who knew that she herself had once been the bridegroom's promised wife; herself a stricken and bitter thing creeping through three slow years of hate, then a day when her heart boiled with transporting but infernal joy, the day when the news came that Nat Wilson's black-eyed wife had deserted him and gone, people said, to the bad; then, months later, the scenes of a day of glory and triumph, when Nat Wilson, a divorced man and infinitely humbled, had mended his broken promise and made her his wife.

"Faugh!" she exclaimed with a shrug and foolish laugh, "why can't I be forgivin'? why can't I be decent? Y'r hungry, are you?" She stooped down and drew the child toward her. "I'm t' be y'r mammy now," she said. "I'll try, anyhow. Did you say you had a kiss for me?"

The child looked into her heated face and drew back, instinctively fearing that which he felt and saw. "Papa-Nat thed he sent one," lisped the small, moist mouth.

The woman laughed harshly and arose. "I reckon he better fetch it himself 'stead of sendin' it by Sally Hanks' young 'un," she said. "Well, come in; we'll get erlong somehow, I reckon."

The child entered with obvious lack of confidence and looked about him. The place was plain but clean, a single large room with a white bed in one corner, two

round rag-carpet rugs on the floor, a sewing machine, wooden chairs, and a cabinet organ by the front window. A door at the rear of the room led into the summer kitchen, from which issued a sound of sizzling bacon and eggs and the throaty "clut, clut" of a coffee-pot lid, lifted momentarily by fragrant steam. To the hungry child the odors that floated through the door were as scents from Arabia. He took the doll's foot from his mouth and warily entered the kitchen, sweeping his dark eyes about the rough board walls, then looking boldly at the cooking food.

"Hoggy meat is good kind of meat," he said with engaging candor, "eggs is good, too. Toffee is bitter, but granma she drinks it 'thout sugar." He swung the doll to and fro with its head brushing the floor.

The woman broke some pine splinters across her knee and thrust them into the stove. Opening the oven door, she drew out a pan of biscuits and tapped one of them sharply with the ends of her fingers. Heavy feet tramped in at the door, a great voice brawled heartily at her back. She arose with a hot, red face; her husband was tossing Toddie aloft and shaking him and laughing lustily.

"Hello, Swan! Supper 'most ready?" he said, bringing the child to his breast and holding him there.

The woman did not reply at once. She lifted the coffee-pot and shook it and set it on the stove hearth. "You've held th' young 'un while you've rid fourteen mile. I sh'd think you might put him down a minute for y'r wife," she said.

"Oh, sure, Swan, sure! I'm all sweat an' dust. Wait a minute till I wash my han's an' face, 'n'en—"

"Well, th' dish is out on th' bench. You knowed that 'fore you come in," she snapped. Jealous of the child from the moment when first her husband had talked of bringing him home, the open spectacle of his love of the little fellow set her blood on fire with resentment.

A shadow crossed the man's countenance and his big fingers tightened on the child, then he laughed. "Now, Swan, you wouldn't be mad 'bout a pore little feller like him! He never done you no damage—he won't hurt nobody 'round here. You know he ain't got no mammy, an' you—"

"I know who his mammy was an' what she is! I s'pose 'cause he looks like her is why you keer so much for him. I s'pose 'cause you've got her child here you think mebbe she'll come back—"

"Stop!" The word was a literal crash of sound. The man looked at her a moment with blazing eyes, the smallpox pits showing white in the flaming scarlet of his face. The woman was placing the biscuits on a



Thrusting a small, soiled thumb into his rosy mouth, he gurgled: "I is brung a tiss"



plate, pushing the hot disks from an impaling fork with a downward movement of the right thumb. She did not look up, but her mouth was twitching. The man, impotent to express himself, glared at her a moment longer, then, with the child still in his arms, turned and went out. He washed his own and the child's face and hands with water from a pan that rested upon a bench near the door. While he used a towel, which he took from a nail in the wall, the wife came to the door.

"Th' things are on th' table, Nat," she said hesitatingly.

The man did not look at her, but presently led the child in, and, placing a large book, a worn History of Napoleon, in a chair, set the child upon it and pushed the chair up to the table. They ate in silence. The hands of both the man and woman trembled as they ate. As the man rose from the table at the close of the meal the wife spoke.

"The well is clean dry, Nat. I had t' carry water from th' spring-hole this evenin' fore I could get supper. Th' spring-hole's most dry, too. I reckon you'll have t' haul water from Mill Creek; they say that ain't quite dried up yet." There was a note of appeal in her voice. She looked at him with flushed face and eyes that spoke abasement and apology. He turned about.

"What do you want t' act so for 'bout th' child, Swan?" he asked. "His mother's dead, or just as good as dead, t' me. You insult me by sayin' I'd ever think of wishin' her back. You're my wife now, and that ought t' settle it."

She sprang up and clung to him with her cheek against his broad breast. "I'm crazy, Nat; I'm mean an' foolish, but I'll try an' behave an' do right," she said.

He put his arm about her shoulders. "I want you t' be a mother to 'im, t' treat 'im just as if he was y'r own. He's my child, you know."

She stood away from him, twisting her fingers together and writhing. "Yes, I know—I know—I will," she gasped, "I'll do it—if it kills me."

The child looked at them wonderingly.

That evening she arranged a little cot for the child in the opposite corner from their bed, but after they had lain down she heard the clock strike each hour until three in the morning. Darkness magnifies all mental tortures. Each atom in the structure of her jealousy enlarged with the black silence and the shutting out of diverting tasks and sunlit things. The worm, horned with hate, apprehension, resentment, fear, turned and twisted in her brain, stinging each thought into a swollen and distorted fancy. In her mind at length all things loomed maddeningly unnatural. With a cold thrill the thought crossed her that it would be better for all if the child were not living, better for the little boy himself, since shame for his mother and grave trouble must inevitably follow him. She lifted her head from her pillow at that like a startled serpent and looked toward the child's cot, then turned quickly upon her face with her hands pressed against her aching eyeballs. She lay in that position a long time, softly shuddering.

Her husband slumbered, breathing very slow; from the corner where the child lay came faint sighs. At last the clock struck three. Her head felt unnaturally large, her feet felt unnaturally distant from her head, thought in her brain died slowly away into blackness.

When she awoke the room was shrouded in gray. Through a buff paper shade, drawn down over the east window and punctured with pin-holes, long needles of gold were thrust in. She slipped from the bed at the back side, and, white-robed and soft-footed, went to the window and pushed up the shade. Over the pine-covered ridge to the eastward dawn was opening its sluices of color, streams of thorn-red water wimpling through fields of ice-green air; the forest-sea looked a foamy olive, cows were afoot and nibbling at the scant grass down by the dead brook near the spring-hole, the horns and spines of the cows looked faintly edged with silver.

She felt a sudden pleasurable sense of relief and sanity. The world looked solid and good. She slid her hand up the side of her face, shielding her eyes from sight of the child, and, stepping back to the bed, stooped down and kissed her husband into wakefulness.

That for the wife was the beginning of a week of unhappiness, of bitter, cancerous repression of feeling. She strained against the flood that was bearing her to open rebellion, stiffening her tongue, and laboring incessantly during the day, but lying awake at night, poisoning herself with hateful thoughts. She tried not to see Wilson's love for the child, his lusty joy when he gazed upon the face which looked so like the lineaments of Sally Hanks; she tried to persuade herself that his love for the child would not rekindle his old-time affection for the child's mother; she tried to believe that her husband cared for herself as he did before the child's advent, but, alas, jealousy never yet yielded to reason. It sets its claws into the heart and holds there, commonly, until disaster transmutes it into remorse.

With dull fatuity Wilson extended her scant tenderness by hand or lip or eye, since she seemed indifferent and preoccupied. His boy's presence was a fresh, precious, gustable quantity that gave the hours new interest. The bonnie chap rode upon his shoulder to every part of the little farm, and toddled after him, babbling while the man worked. The child instinctively shunned the woman, adding fuel to her secret rage. Then, in the second week, she broke, flaming out blasphemously. Being met with anger and contempt, she stormed, but ended in tears and contrition. In the third week, which was the second week in September, Wilson awoke late one night and saw her creeping on her hands and knees toward the child's cot. There was a gray radiance falling through the window from the moon. He saw something gleam in her hand, and leaped out of bed and caught her up and looked into her face with wild fear. The woman caught her breath and fell to sobbing. She said that she dreamed

that a snake had coiled about the child, and that she had stealthily gone into the kitchen and got the knife and was creeping toward the child to cut the snake away. The husband believed her.

On Thursday of that week Wilson sold some cattle. All central and northern Wisconsin was parched and sapless. Through quite two months no rain had fallen; pasturage was scant; besides, he needed money. On Friday he went down to Braggers and took a train to Madison to pay the small remainder of a mortgage that lay against his land. He hoped to be back to the little brown house in Sanders Valley by nightfall of the day following. He went away in some uneasiness. For days the air had tasted of fire, smoky, resinous, acrid; somewhere in the vast region the woods must be burning. The very dust that plashed out from under his horse's feet looked as if it might burst into flame.

In his absence the woman had a grievous time. She had lost much sleep, had tortured herself long and foolishly, and had come to feel evil, venomous, half insane. She knew that she was weak, that she was close to absolute loss of self-control. At noon Friday she placed the child at the table with food before him and went



The woman snatched him up and rushed onward

into the kitchen. She picked up a cup, and, opening a drawer in a cupboard, looked at a phial that contained a quarter ounce of lustrous, steel-gray stuff.

"Nat had no business fitching arsenic t' th' house if th' rats *are* bad," she said, and pushed the drawer shut with a bang.

She went out in the yard and walked about. The forest region was silent, bluish, hot. "He hadn't ought t' gone an' left me this way," she complained, "I ain't fit t' be alone." She went to the window and peered in at the child; her face looked thin, her eyes feline, greenish, close together.

That night when Toddie slept she came with a lamp and looked at him. How like his mother he was! Must she always see that face about her? Through months and years was she to have no peace? Fearful of what she might do, she locked herself out of the house and did not return until dawn. Breakfast over, she took a hoe and went out into the back field and labored until noon at digging potatoes. She bade the child remain at the house. The air was heavy and smoky, the silence seemed to crackle inside her head. At noon when she came to the house she was weak and shaking, and her face was scarlet. She took the phial of arsenic into her trembling hands again and looked at it, but put it back in the drawer. After they had eaten some bread and milk she sent the child out in the yard to play with the dog and kitten. She locked the doors and drew the shades down and pinned them tight over the windows.

"I must keep 'way from him, I must get some sleep or I'll go crazy," she said.

But the sunset hour came and still she had not slept, only thought and dozed and tossed and held her aching temples. When at last she arose her head felt big and light and strange.

"I must get supper," she whispered, and tiptoeing into the kitchen, emptied some grains from the phial into a cup and poured milk upon them. With catlike softness of step she came back into the front room, and pushing a window-shade slightly aside, peered out craftily. The child, rosy and soiled, lay asleep at the root of a little pine that stood near the gate, in his hand a kitchen-knife with which he had been digging. The dog lay near him blinking sleepily. How dark it seemed! The hour must be later than she had thought. As she looked at the child she became conscious of a wide, sea-like sobbing off to the eastward. She let go the curtain and stood listening. Down through all her

body suddenly went a reeling of the nerves; cold to the marrow, she unlocked the door hastily and flung it wide. Over the lip of the long eastern ridge a billow of fire was rising like garish froth, above it rocked and wavered a black forest of crumbling plumes. Far around to the southward towered mountainous clots of smoke; in the west the fallen sun, like a wheel of flame, hung clogged as in fleeces of blood-soaked wool; the near-by hills looked in the fuliginous reek like enormous puffs of ashes; across the sky rolled slow-coiling rivers of blue-black smoke.

The woman's eyes came back to the child, from her throat came a cry, husky, explosive. She leaped toward the sleeping boy and gathered him to her breast, gazing quickly all about her. Her look was less malefic, her eyes seemed wider apart and larger and softer. Motherhood for the moment was hers, not of the body, but of the spirit. She looked into the child's startled face; she saw the face of her hated enemy! Her mouth grew ugly, her eyes narrowed and hardened.

"I'll leave him here," she thought; "no one will ever know. But th' house might not burn an' they'd find him here and then Nat would— No, I'll take him along an' drop him in the woods! But he's Nat's child—Nat left him in my keel—I'll—if I can't get him through t' Braggers I'll have t' leave him somewhere, anyway!"

She glanced toward the distant conflagration; its glare dabbled them with filming gleams. The child saw it and clasped her hard, hiding his face against her breast.

"We must go, we must go quick!" she said, and put the child down and ran into the house. She threw the cup of poisoned milk out the backdoor, put on a sun-bonnet and went into the front room. From the drawer of a bureau she took a pair of cheap earrings and fastened them to her ears, a brooch that matched the earrings she fastened at the throat of her calico dress, a Testament containing a folded dollar-bill she thrust into her bosom. The crashing thunder of falling pines came down from the ridge, jarring the house.

"We might want water, we might want it awful," she said, and hurried into the kitchen and filled a bottle and pushed it into the pocket of her dress-skirt.

The little boy was rummaging behind the wood-box in the kitchen. He came out with the kitten under his arm. She caught

his hand and hurried him out the front door and down to the gate. The twilight air was filled with the seething roar of the great fire; dancing reflections quivered and flitted across the valley and up the western hills; down in the hollow to the southward the massed treetops, smitten by the wind and the furnace-glow from the slope, seemed to boil like molten silver.

"Will 'e fire burn us, burn us all up?" lisped the child.

"No, God will take care of us," replied the woman. The words, when she had spoken them, seemed blasphemous, and she shuddered.

"Can't we take 'e black tolt?" cried Toddie. "Will Dod let 'e fire burn up 'e tolt?"

She did not reply, but caught up the tiny fellow and ran down the path into the road. "We must find your father; he must 'a' left Braggers by this time," she panted. Her eyes turned back once to the house, then she ran onward, the glare from the great fire dabbled the yellow puffs of dust about her feet.

In a few minutes they entered the wood that crowded the centre of the valley, and the boiling silver of the treetops shook above them. The road winding through the wood was a smother of smoky gloom. In open spaces the broad glow thrown upon the treetops by the distant flames dropped down upon them, bluish, ghostly. Here and there long fingers of light trembled among the tree-trunks, spotting them white as with leprosy; small animals by times burst across the road; unsubstantial shapes moved everywhere, wagging, wavering, fearsome. The woman put the child down; here was the place to leave him!

Wide-eyed and troubled, the wee man looked up at her. Under one arm he held the sadly shaken kitten, the little dog was at his heels, cowed and fearful of the night's strange noises and the mysterious journey. "Will Dod let 'e fire burn 'e tolt?" came the child's pleading voice. The woman snatched him up and rushed onward.

At the end of a mile the valley turned slightly westward; at the lower end of the curve lived the family of a Norwegian settler. By the westward turn of the valley the woman hoped to escape, for a time, the fire flooding down from the east, and to get from the settler some sort of conveyance from the burning region. When they arrived at the settler's house they found that the man had taken his horses and family with him and had escaped. The woman came out into

the road and put the child down. Her bosom was laboring. She looked about her comprehensively, yet with palpable terror. North and eastward rose a vast, throbbing illumination; across the south stretched a mountain range of muffled, angry red; to the westward the hills lifted gray and indistinct in smoke; directly overhead the sky trembled with shadowy streaks of crimson. She caught up the child and again fled along the road southward.

At the end of the second mile the road crossed the spine of a sparsely wooded ridge. Gaining the height, the woman stopped. All her pulses were hammering loudly, she could scarcely breathe. Before them lay a low and vague sweep of country, and beyond that a range of hills. Close beyond the range of hills the sky shot up red and appalling. In that direction lay Braggers. The woman turned and looked back; all the north was full of fire. She peered at the child's face, in her heart that hellish prompting.

"Toddie's firsty—I've hot—dink—dink!" cried the wee fellow.

She took the bottle of water from her pocket and uncorked it and put it to his lips. When he had partaken he pushed it toward her face. "Zoo dink," he lisped.

She corked the bottle and placed it in her pocket. "No," she said, "you—you may want some more; your father may need it."

"Dod won't let 'e fire burn up Papa-Nat, will 'e?" said the child.

She fetched a gasp of consternation and started hurriedly down the slope. The child, swaying in her arms, with sombre eyes gazed at the crimson sky ahead. "Dod would be naughty if 'e let 'e fire burn up 'e tolt-an' Papa-Nat, wouldn't 'e?" he asked.

The woman made no reply, but with parched, open lips and wide eyes rushed onward. Now and again a wildcat screamed weirdly beside the dim road, once an owl fell at their feet, bringing a stench of burned feathers, again a horned and flying stag with a "snoof" of terror plucked itself back from their very faces; the heavens seemed snowing ashes, the wind came hot and buffeting, the red curtain of sky seemed to flap and waver close before them.

At length they came out upon a second height and looked down upon a daunting vision, a glittering scythe of fire, miles long and curving from the east far around to the south and moving down the forest as it moved northward. From the west another gleaming scythe was thrust in, cutting eastward; in the southwest, between the flaming points of the monster blades, there seemed a fireless space. Somewhere in that direction lay Mill Creek Settlement. Braggers lay off to the left, beyond the larger fire. The woman put the child upon the ground. She had lost her bonnet and her hair was down and blowing about her; in the throbbing light of the distant flames her face, wet with perspiration, shone ghastly. The child looked flushed and tearful; he had lost the frightened kitten. The dog slavered at their heels. There was a choking smell of fire eating through pines and brush and rotting logs and beds of old leaves, of flames licking at the peaty bases of dried swales, of mouldy hayricks and sapless sheets of grass melting into vapor.

Clearly the road to Braggers was cut off. The woman pressed her hands upon her heaving breast and glanced about her. Overhead, as if blossoming from stalks of sulphur, great poppies of red light nodded and swung; the horizon seemed a ragged ring of flames. But one gate of refuge appeared to be open, the fireless gap toward the southwest. Surely Mill Creek Settlement lay off there; yet, the way was long and beset with frightful hazard—three or four miles, at least, of tangled thickets and pathless forest, on either hand the converging scythes of fire.

The woman's eyes had a hunted, wolfish look. She glowered at the crying child. Why should she jeopardize her own chances of escape by carrying him further, this product of a hated love? This was the time and place to leave him. But as she gazed at him the cry of motherhood again rang through her soul, scolding and scouting the physical. She threw him to her shoulder with a gasping, smothered scream of tenderness, and ran down the slope, clothed in the white glare and looking up to the great flowers of blood that nodded in the zenith, praying as she ran. At the bottom of the slope she left the road and stumbled into the forest, making madly toward the southwest.

The way was not wholly dark, for even in the hollows the wood was thronged with shifting films of light, glancing, shuffling distortions, that bowed and flitted and vanished and came again, peopling the forest with shapes of mystery. The air was thick with smoke, and jarred now and again with the fall of distant trees and the sharp crackle of burning brush. The wind, bearing the heat in stifling masses, moved in long surges, leaving brief lukewarm spaces between in which the fugi-

tives gasped hard and fast for breath. The woman hastened terribly, plunging into the thickets and rending a way through as best she could, then running headlong across the more open spaces. Torn and ragged from the clutch of thorns and briars, she came stumbling at length into still lower ground, but a torrent of fire was close upon her right. She veered off to the left, but again came close to a wallowing lake of fire. The gap was narrowing. How long before the floods of flame would run together and engulf them? Oh, for a fresh and smokeless breath of air that she might draw it down and cool her bursting heart! Where was Mill Creek? She rushed onward, drunk with horror and excitement, clinging tightly to the child.

"Dink—dink—dink! Toddie firsty!" cried the tiny fellow with his face buried in the hollow of her neck.

She paused and snatched at the bottle; both it and half the skirt of her gown were gone! She tore the clothing away from her bosom and pressed the child's lips against her milkless breast, open-mouthed, red-eyed, half demented. Then she seemed to waken.

"There ain't any—there ain't none!" she snarled and ran onward.

Presently she was wrenching her lagging limbs through a thicket, then she was in more open ground. The thicket behind her burst into a starry, whirling surf of flames, ahead of her a long hillside was spilling a flaunting wave of fire toward her. She stopped and looked around her, drawing the hot air into her parched mouth in quick gasps. The child buried his burning face in her hair and against her wet neck, quivering and crying. Suddenly she turned her hot mouth against his face and kissed him, then she stood him upon the ground. "Keep close t' me, keep close t' me!" she said sharply, then fell upon her hands and knees and began creeping along the ground, feeling about with hungry fingers. They were in a low but level place, where the trees were small and sparsely set. She sought the most open spot and nervously felt of the earth, then fiercely and with wild fury began to dig. Her slim fingers tore through the dead leaves and thin layer of baked soil like a tiger's claws, her face had a cast of frenzy, her eyes shone red and bright like the eyes of an animal mad with passion.

"Rake back th' leaves, scrape away th' twigs, keep th' sparks off my back," she said pantedly, but without looking up. The child pressed his hands against his smarting eyes and staggered about her, crying with pain and terror.

"Shut up!" she cried fiercely, "ain't I tryin' t' save yeh?"

An antlered buck, with frothing muzzle outstretched, leaped over them in headlong flight. She did not look up, but furiously rent the earth, the sweat of her wild labor dropping down upon her bleeding hands. At times she stooped low in the hole and caught the impeding rootlets in her teeth, and, bracing herself, tore them apart. As the lashing ring of fire drew nearer she worked with the strength and haste of insanity, plowing her torn fingers through the soil and scooping out the dirt in a flying shower. All about her the flames swung from treetop to treetop, hissing, brilliant. The child fell down beside her, groveling and screaming with the heat. But she did not pause until the trees were dropping fire upon her, then quickly seizing the child she thrust him into the hole and laid her body over him.

She lay with her face turned skyward that her hands might be free. The storm of fire swept over her. The airy firs crackled like burning corn-silk, beech and hickory burst into swaying spires of flame, the leaf-strewn ground squirmed as with hot shavings of gold, sparks stung her, blazing fragments pelted her, smoke tossed across her, still she stuck to her terrible bed, shielding the small body beneath her. Every instant her hands were smiting fire. Her hair leaped alive with flame, again and again her clothing ignited; she beat the flames dead with her smarting palms. A blazing bough fell and smote her across the face and eyes; she yelled shrilly, agonizingly, and struck the fire away from her face. The pain of her burns was maddening; yet she kept the child covered and safe.

As borne on rushing wings, in a little time the hot tempest swept by, leaving a waste of blazing stubs, glowing coals, charred saplings, and drifting sheets of bitter smoke. The woman got to her feet and reeled and stumbled, pressing her torn hands against her eyes and turning about blindly. The child, tousled and gasping, crept out of the hole and stood beside her.

"Never mind," she panted, "y'r my boy now! You've as good as been born again, an'—an' I'm y'r mother!"

After hours of waiting the gray of morning came blue and uncertain into the ruined place, piercing through the smoke as light might strike dimly into deep water. Then came a rushing wind, and following at its heels a wide deluge of rain. They lifted their blistered faces and parched mouths to it. They held their hands up in it, it beat into their hot eyes, cooling, balmy, delicious. The woman mumbled pleasurably, the child screamed with joy.

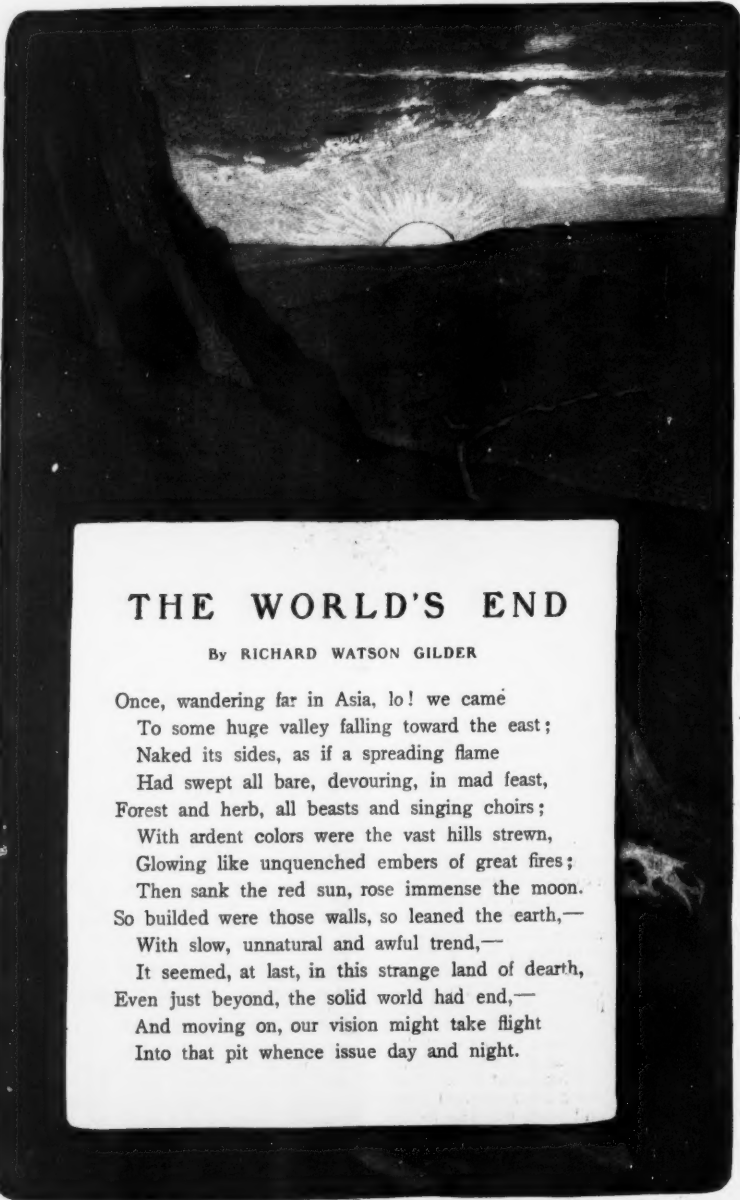
Late that morning Nat Wilson found them. When the woman lay in her own bed, her hands and face lotioned and bandaged, Wilson walked to the door and looked abroad.

"Most of th' fences are gone, an' th' timber— Well, it looks like we'll have t' wait for a new crop of trees t' grow," he said.

"Th' fields, an' th' team, an' th' house, an' we are left, Nat; that's a plenty," she said. "Nat, won't you please fetch th' little feller and lay him here with me? I'm sort of lonesome."

He brought the child and laid him in the bed beside her. The woman put her bandaged arms about the little chap: "He's mine, ain't he, Nat? I earned him—I'm his mother, ain't I? You won't never let no one take him from me, will you?"

The man kissed them both. "Never," he said, laughing joyously.



## THE WORLD'S END

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Once, wandering far in Asia, lo! we came  
To some huge valley falling toward the east;  
Naked its sides, as if a spreading flame  
Had swept all bare, devouring, in mad feast,  
Forest and herb, all beasts and singing choirs;  
With ardent colors were the vast hills strewn,  
Glowing like unquenched embers of great fires;  
Then sank the red sun, rose immense the moon.  
So builded were those walls, so leaned the earth,—  
With slow, unnatural and awful trend,—  
It seemed, at last, in this strange land of dearth,  
Even just beyond, the solid world had end,—  
And moving on, our vision might take flight  
Into that pit whence issue day and night.

A few moments later she was again facing a billow of fire. A burning pine fell with a thunderous crash, lashing the ground like a mighty whip not a hundred feet away. With a scream she turned and fled, but tripped and fell. Scrambling to her feet, she got the child into her arms and tried to run again. Her eyes seemed full of needles, her throat burned, something seemed to take hold of her feet. She could no longer fell east from west or north from south; fire appeared to be all about her; she seemed abroad in the wastes of hell.

She staggered over a little hill and plunged down into a hollow that looked to be filled with water, but instead it was a waste of dead smoke. In it were wild and tame animals, mingling and eddying about as if in madness.

It was night, yet it was not night. Mighty puffs of whitish vapor poured through the wood, wide beams of glaring radiance streamed here and there as from gigantic searchlights, shadows rose and writhed and melted, the forest roared as with the beat of a billion bird-wings. The ring of fire seemed narrowing. She skirted the hollow, reeling, half-blind; she collided with trees and brushed against horned and hairy creatures; she could hear nothing clearly for the pounding of her pulses in her ears and the seething noise of the surrounding conflagration.



# THE STRATEGY OF SHORTY

*His Adventure With a Peculiarly Western Fairy Godmother*

By REX E. BEACH : : Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS



IT WAS stage time and the men sprawled restfully upon the hotel porch awaiting the coming of the mail. Shorty had pre-empted the door-sill, which he held by squatters' right, his thick body, toad-like and short, barring egress, while the idling smoke from his pipe excited apoplexy within him. A front step in the early evening, with the fulness of supper investing his audience, was solace to the little man; first, because the darkness hid his ungainly body, secondly, because to every man there comes a garrulous hour when reminiscence is like honey, and thirdly, because his legs did not dangle in impotent discomfort, as when he expended his wealth of shortness upon the edge of made furniture.

"Say, how comes it you ain't drivin' the stage any more, Shorty?" questioned a prospector who had just packed in from the Big Divide. "Get fired?"

"Well, rather! I got fired at and into, both."

"How's that—shot? You don't say so. Who done it?"

"Black Bart."

"Well, I'm urned! I didn't 'spose Bart would shoot up a driver—thought he allus played the messengers. How'd it happen?"

"There was a lady with me one trip," began Shorty, blushing at the memory. "an' Black Bart stuck us up on the Big Grade. He insulted her—leastways he kind of hinted fer a kiss, so I shot at him to spare her feelin's an' sort of make conversation. I don't claim I done just the gentlemanly, 'cause it ain't a driver's place to mix with road-agents, sich duties bein' delegated to messengers an' them passengers as has a genius for disturbance, an' animosities ag'in' their own well-bein'. However, no messenger bein' handy, I flipped at him, bustin' his Winchester gear. It knocked the gun out of his hands, an' he run for the cut-off—down the old sheep trail. He laid fer me there with his Colts. When I drove by he got me, here—most well now, though."

Peg-Leg spoke unexpectedly from the shadows.

"Look a' here, Shorty. I ain't never figgered out one thing about that fracas. Old Charley Crane says you come tearin' into his place on the dead run, your hosses plumb beat out, an' you an' the young feller all shot up."

"That's right," said Shorty.

"Well, who was this young feller? You left here that mornin' with the girl an' the bullion, but there wasn't no young feller along."

Peg-Leg had sprung the question which had excited the camp for months, and the listeners waited breathlessly. From the first, the affair had a touch of mystery maddening to the camp, the more so that Shorty, the man of splendid simplicity, had suddenly lost his candor and maintained a baffling silence. Thus speculation fed upon drifting rumor till Forest Hill wriggled in an agony of curiosity, yet dared not make inquiry.

Considering his ferocious habit of reducing to an unfortunate personal basis those questions he found not to his liking, there seemed no advisable method of arriving at the truth, *z. e.*, without the exhibition of a curiosity which he would be privileged, and apt, to regard as morbid and insulting. Time and silence had served to hone the edge of this sharp interest, till now, behold, a David had arisen unexpectedly, one who dared to press the question. Why hadn't they thought of him before? Even Shorty, scorning as he did all recognized codes of warfare, could do no more than take umbrage at a wooden-legged man.

"Well, ye see, it was this way," said he finally, with uneasy reluctance; then amid their sighs of interest there came the throb and rumble of the Auburn stage. "Here she comes. I'll tell ye some other time," he broke off, while the opinion of the crowd at this interruption, when they felt the presence of Truth upon them, was voiced by Spike Duffy:

"The which would certainly rasp ye, cuss his little hide!"

After the mild excitement of the arrival had rippled out, those who were given to the expectation of mail disappeared in the wake of the postmaster. It was one of these returning that brought IT.

The epical deserves the dignity of capitals, and epical it surely was for the dwarf who still conversed upon the step.

"Hey, Shorty! Here's a letter for you."

"What?" The big voice held utter, gasping incredulity.

"Sure, from a lady too."

Now it is possible to crowd the limit.

"Look a' here, you!" he growled, rising threateningly. "Don't you get funny with me."

"I ain't, Shorty. Here it is, honest," hurriedly thrusting upon him a packet. "Look at it yourself."

He came into possession of the object with that measure of familiarity and blitheness with which a man might receive his summons to the pillory, then when he had dazedly entered the lighted room, the astonishment of the boulders swelled over bank.

"There's strange doin's here," said Peg-Leg gloomily, "not to say suspicious, an' I don't like 'em. I forms my own deduckshuns."

"Mebbe it's from his sweetheart," Spike ventured, provoking mirth in those who knew Shorty's terror of the fair sex.

"I'll bet it's one of them new-fangled advertisements tellin' how to git strong," added Murphy, who bore upon his person indelible marks of Shorty's vigor, due to an inadvertent bibulous remark long past. "Yes, sir, an' he kin' outlift anybody on the mountain."

Under the effulgence of a soot-enameled tin lamp Shorty became aware of the fact that the letter was of a wonderful cerulean tint; moreover, it was blank, square, and ungainly, and offered grounds for unlimited conjecture. Plainly it was his, however, for it bore his name in large angular feminine characters.

The sensations of one's first letter are not fleeting, but they do pass finally, so, exhuming from a cavernous pocket what resembled a brass-bound cudgel, he pressed a spring, and it clicked into the likeness of a marvelous hunting-knife, with unfolding hilt and tapering steel of bayonet length. Shorty tolerated upon his person only ornamentation of the finest. He sliced a long splinter from the table to remove clinging traces of Climax plug, and, inserting the point gingerly, slit the epistle after the manner of skinning an unfamiliar baby-blue rabbit.

A fleeting perfume came to him while the blood drummed thickly in his ears at the memory of its owner.

"It's from the little girl," he breathed ecstatically, "it's from the little girl." He spoke of her diminutively, although she had stood shoulders above him, while the nerves which danger seldom quickened trembled noticeably.

Seminary characters bear small resemblance to printed speech, nor do they lend themselves to prompt interpretation among the un-Vassared, but finally there grew the following, which he absorbed so completely that every word stood out in mental bas-relief:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Mother and I wish to thank you for the great service you have rendered us, and we wish you to know that in saving my brother Lincoln from his wicked associates, and the consequences of his folly, you have won the blessings of two women.

We had to send him away at once, as he was recognized. He writes from Honolulu, though, that he is safe and has begun his life all over, so we are very happy.

In view of all that you have done we hesitate to ask your further help, but there doesn't seem to be any other way. The money that came from the Golden Fleece Claim we gave to Lincoln, and now the second payment is overdue. They tell us that those men have jumped our mine, and won't pay the balance and refuse to get off. Mother is awfully worried, too, because we are very poor; so poor we



As they stared at the paper, slumber fled from their eyes

can't take the case to law. Please tell us what to do, and receive the renewed blessings of a mother, and the heartfelt thanks of your sincere friend,  
MILLICENT CUSHING.

Shorty untied his silk neckcloth and carefully wrapped the precious note within. The bundle he placed inside his shirt bosom. His large hands made clumsy work of it, owing to their unfamiliarity with billet-doux, but his mind worked nimbly.

So! The Wilkins outfit had jumped her ground—thought she didn't have anybody to look out for her, eh! That was the worst of them tenderfoot prospectors—they were crooked. They brought their devious Eastern methods out into God's country and thought folks would stand their work. He'd never seen them, but they were chicken-hearted pups—anybody who would cheat a woman was a quitter. He was for peace himself, of course; trouble never did look good to him, but a real man was due to step in. Not to use violence. No, sir, just cool, disinterested argument backed up by equity and a reasonable firmness.

Next he busied himself with the legal aspect of the case. Never was there a clearer. They had failed to make good; ergo, they had another jump coming. There remained only the process—simplicity itself. Reason made a bee-line, hurdling certain confusing obstacles in the nature of statutes and common-law precepts, fleeing directly along the course of least resistance—and Shorty oiled up his six-shooters.

His theory of strategy forbade delay, for a scant measure of military knowledge demonstrates the value of an attack in the cold gray of the dawn. It is then the blood moves slothfully, and the mind is flaccid from the apathy of slumber.

"G'me your 'gat,'" he said to Hoffmeister, the Canada Bar Superintendent, as that gentleman was preparing for bed.

"Sure, help yourself."

Shorty carefully tested ejector and sights, throwing the gun to shoulder tentatively.

"What's up? Thought you didn't like Winchesters."

"I don't. The little guns is best, only I'm goin' bumbardin'. I want 'bout five hundred rounds, too—also jest witness that." He spread upon the table a document evidently fresh from the throes of composition. Hoffmeister read it wonderingly, gazing with amazement at the little man who gravely continued his preparations.

"Look here! What the deuce does this mean? I can't witness that till the signatures are there."

"Never mind them blamed technicalities. If this here cannon don't get het up on me I'll have plenty signatures on there by breakfast time."

With much reluctance Hoffmeister attached his name. He had learned that the road to great unpleasantness lay in thwarting his friend.

Peg-Leg, less versed in the intricacies of legal formulae, lent his name without discussion and without reading; so, soon after midnight, Shorty hit the trail.

The Golden Fleece lies picturesquely in a narrow gorge, overhung by wooded hills, and its cabin squats in an open glade among the pines. It is a quaint spot. The log house with its mud-daubed walls encircled by the tiny clearing, the whispering smooth-barked trees, the gravelly trail winding up along the frothing river, and over all the pulsing, cooling song of the stream.

As day broke, sounds became audible from the shack. Smoke drifted from the pipe, and there occurred the rattle of breakfast preparations. Nate Wilkins appeared shirt-sleeved and yawning prodigiously, water-pail in hand. As the door swung inward under his hand he started, gazing with astonishment at what met his eyes. On the outside of the door, pinned thereto by a huge hasp knife, was a written document. As he scanned its opening lines, the yawn left his face, and he spoke quickly to the men asleep.

"Hey, boys! Wake up! Look here, quick!"

At the tones of his voice they came scrambling out



Sighting closely, he began a rapid fire

en deshabille, and, as they stared at the paper, the slumber fled from their eyes. It ran as follows:

## QUIT-CLAIM DEED

For valu rec'd and to avoid trouble we 3 Wilkins boy sell asine and pass up for keeps this Golden Fleas Claim to Miss Millicent Cushing or her heirs. Now and forever world without end. Amen Yours trule

Sined in the presents of  
H. B. HOFFMEISTER  
PETER JOHNSON

Appended to this model of brevity was a note:

## DEER SIR AND FRIENDS:

Pleas sine at y'r erly convence and duck out or I will do bizness soon as it gets lite enuf to shoot. The writer is respectfully hid out in the bresh and has got you covered at the present date. Wishing you a pleasant journey. Yours sincerely,

SHORTY.

Something in this excited risibilities in the elder Wilkins. He guffawed hoarsely, reaching to pull it down.

"Ain't that a hit?"

The laughter broke in his throat, however, as he felt the swish and thud of a bullet in the door, followed by the wicked bark of a Winchester among the pines.

"How I hate a man that laughs before breakfast," cogitated Shorty in his thicket, "specially when I furnish the humor. By rights a man's gills had ort to be so brown with immoral tastes from the evenin' previous that laughter would curdle agin' his tonsils like jig-music at a funeral. Him that arises with joy an' appetite gnawin' at his innards is fit fer treason, stratagems an' to be spoiled; you can jest bet he's been in bed all durin' the gladsome littlish hours of the night, plannin' some devilment."

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" yelled Nate from within the cabin.

"Oh, I'm all right," boomed the little man. "Better sign that deed, fer I ain't goin' to be jewed down none in terms. You can git breakfast down at camp, otherwise I'll lay you all out side by side an' pick daisies fer you."

As he ceased speaking fire spurted from the cabin window and a bullet glanced screaming from the boulder behind which he crouched.

Diplomatic relations thus severed, he wasted no time in idle chatter, instead, sighting closely, he began a rapid fire. His nearness enabled him to descry with ease the mud chinkings between the logs, and, selecting a crevice about waist high, he began his investment. At every shot the dried mud crumbled out and rattled from between the timbers.

"Guess I'll have 'em under the bed shortly," he said. "Soon as I get this chink shot out I'll take the one below."

It is embarrassing to cower in a one-roomed log hut while its chinkings are systematically shot out from corner to corner. Bullets are apt to glance erratically and with puzzling method.

Shorty exposed nothing of himself for a target, whereas the "middle" Wilkins, as a result of too rash endeavor, reeled from the window minus the use of one arm and shoulder. Later a flattened ball ricocheted into, and about four inches along, a floating rib necessary to the economy of the elder brother, and, although a thin man with ribs but stingily hidden, he proved a free bleeder, and the sight of red in such demoralizing quantities did the trick.

"For God's sake let up. You've killed Bud," yelled a voice.

"Thanks for them kind words," Shorty replied, continuing his activities. "You ain't"—bang! "signed that"—bang! "treaty yet." "I'd love to finish that second crack before quittin' time," he thought, while the roaring of his rifle made awful confusion in the early morning quiet, multiplied as it was by the rocky gorge.

A stranger appeared running excitedly down the trail, summoned from the claim above by the fusillade. He presented the repugnant possibility of a reinforcement. Shorty swung about, and his first shot sang a tune of cold unwelcome over the man's head, while his second stirred up a discouraging puff of pine needles about his legs. He stopped with set brakes, and, all inquisitiveness satisfied, fled silently back up trail, while Shorty resumed his cooerage on the cabin.

Singleness of purpose will work wonders. As the Wilkins brothers vanished limpingly among the trees, vowing with vigorous idiom certain vengeance of a fearful type, the little man grinned after them in rare satisfaction.

"Fer downright, inflammatory, shirt-sleeve diplomacy, I call this a triumph. Some people in my place would 've riz up in wrath invokin' the violence of injunctions an' such. Not me—nor John Hay. It's the broad humane treatments that get the money—a soft answer turneth away claim jumpers, but no violence goes—not nowadays."

Having stormed the cabin, he unwrapped the blue letter, and, wiping the powder stains from his fingers, reread it. So far he was exactly on schedule, but he had not planned beyond recovery of the claim. The problem was still complex. The women needed money, not an idle placer mine, but quick money—"eats" money, for all he knew. When the Wilkins boys bought the claim the camp had smiled widely—still they must have known their business—and if it was good enough for them it was good enough for him. He'd work it and send her the money, and she'd never know there had been any trouble.

Breakfast completed, he inspected the workings, and later the curious neighbor from up creek, after cautious reconnaissance, found him laboring feverishly in the cut.

"Where's the other boys?"

"I dunno. They've severed their connections hereabouts."

"Thought I heard kind of a razza mazzaza down here this morning."

"I reckon you was mistook, don't you?" said Shorty, leaning on his pick with lowering gaze at the inquisitor.

"Probably I was," said the other uneasily. "Well! so long. I got to go."

"I do abominate a 'butt in,'" mused the worker.

As the days passed worry preyed upon him. It was not fear of the Wilkins' return, but the letter stared at him reproachfully from its shrine over the table. He had pinned it up thus that it might not become unduly soiled, nor worn from his frequent readings. "Mother is awfully worried, too, because we are very poor." It stared at him appealingly in all its dainty feminine blueness.

He produced his strong-box, a Royal Baking Powder can, and estimated his clean-ups.

"Thunder an' mud! Here I've grubbed dirt like a steam drudger an' there ain't enough to buy the girl a stack of white chips. I wisht I was drawin' that hundred per from the stage company. The job's waitin' fer me, I s'pose, but Black Bart'll hide 'longside the trail an' squirt a whole lead smelter into me if I take the job. There never was a man that shot at him an' got off with it; moreover, I winged his side partner. Yes, I'd make a bully life insurance risk if I resumed

the ribbons. Guess I'll have to tackle it, though, if this here gravel bank don't shine up better in the next week."

On the seventh night he inspected the pile. It was pitifully small, and despite his bodily weariness his disappointment found vent in unspeakable oratory. He read the letter, as was his nightly custom, and fell dejectedly into his bunk.

Some men sleep sluggishly in a lethal coma requiring bodily violence to break; others, accustomed to the alarms of life in the open, maintain a conscious tenseness of certain sensory nerves which a mere unfamiliar presence will disturb. In this class Shorty had considered himself, but to-night his exhaustion and discouragement dulled him. Even so he awoke suddenly, fighting with desperation. It was too late! He had been pinned to his couch as he lay, and now in his struggles felt the heavy weight and writhing muscles of a large man crushed upon his arms and chest, while hot breath beat into his face.

The room was dark and cold, and he could detect nothing but the silent fierce contact of his adversary. The man had leaped upon him as he slept, and, although the dwarf strained and twisted in the convulsions of utter fury, he felt himself at the mercy of the other.

There were no spoken words—only the growling deadly gasps of bitter effort. His assailant was master of rough and tumble, and he began to feel himself drawn under control—strive as he might.

"It's the big Wilkins," had flashed over him at the first, "the others is waitin' 'longside for the finish."

He fought till the blood thrummed dizzily in his ears, and the breath wheezed from him, but amid cracking joints his arms were noosed to his sides, and, later, he lay panting within the coils of a riata.

Then speech frothed out of him, and he roared imprecations at the tribe of Wilkins, rich in imagery and marvelous in Western word-structure.

The object of his obloquy worked impassively and with marvelous dexterity for one reared east of the Missouri, and, his task completed, struck a match, lighting the shelf-lamp.

As the darkness fled, instead of the bulky awkwardness of the junior Wilkins, Shorty beheld the silhouette of a tall, clean-waisted, wide-shouldered man, with the long black hair of an Indian. He turned and the light gleamed yellowly on the sallow, sinister face of Black Bart, the road agent. Also it shone on his strong teeth, exposed in a grin of ferocity. They were short, sharp teeth, set far apart, with strips of red gums showing between.

The sounds from the prisoner ceased sharply, and he lay rigid, following the other's movements with blazing, darting glances.

"My turn to-night, eh?" The outlaw spoke sneeringly. Shorty nodded.

"I've been on your trail for two months, you — little hunchback."

Blood rushed to the dwarf's face till it grew black and congested, then faded till he lay white and silent, shaking in the rigors of suppressed hate.

"Nobody ever took a shot at me and got off with it, but I might have let you go if you hadn't killed the Kid."

The men glared at each other, but the prisoner made no explanation. Plainly Bart was much excited. He approached threateningly.

"Did he die? Tell me! Tell me! 'Twas his first job, and he got so rattled he let you plug him. The papers don't say what become of him, but I want to know, quick." He shook the dwarf in his frenzy.

It was not fright that silenced the little man, but a blinding, speechless rage. Never had such an insult gone unheeded. Bart had gazed at his deformity; had gouged roughly at his one most painful spot—and that unjustly, too, for no back in California carried less of a hunch, nor firmer, cleaner muscles than his, albeit the legs beneath were odd. Speech refused him. Instead he spat viciously, spat unerringly, at his captor, and a sentence shot forth with it:

"I ain't no humpback!"

At the act Bart's excitement froze, and he glided to the table where the great hasp-knife lay—testing its point with his thumb—an unpleasant sight.

"I'll knife you for that!"

As he reached the weapon his eye caught the blue letter hanging above. It lighted on the signature, and, being a man of some culture, its contents became quickly absorbed. He snatched it, and at this sacrilege Shorty writhed, finding his voice.

"Take your nasty hands off'n that letter, ye infernal murderin' devil!"

Bart did not heed him, but eagerly reread it, attempting to grasp its purport. Striding to Shorty's side, he shook it before his eyes, quivering in his passion, while his voice was still hoarse.

"What does this mean? It says Link Cushing's alive—in Honolulu."

"Drop it, I say!"



"My turn to-night, eh?" the outlaw spoke sneeringly



yelled the prisoner, kicking savagely. "You le'me up an' gi'me one belt at you with a pick-handle—that's all I want—jest one wallop. I'll learn ye to read letters."

Bart forced him roughly back.

"Shut up or I'll slit you plumb to the gullet!"

The other only bounced on his bed in a paroxysm of abuse, his one intelligible sentence running, "I ain't no humpback!"

At last, as he quieted somewhat, his captor resumed: "It says you helped him out and that he's reformed, but I don't savvy it. I saw you kill him—how'd you do it? Tell me! Don't you lie to me!" He gritted this last through his shut teeth, but Shorty maintained his flow of contumely.

"The boy did me a good turn up Emigrant Gap way once," continued the road agent, "and I took him for a partner. When you dropped him the day of the hold-up I swore I'd kill you if it took twenty years. How'd you get to know his sister?"

At the lady's mention Shorty spoke again, sullenly at first:

"That was her on the stage with me that day. When you stuck us up I let drive at both of you. I busted your Winchester lock an' creased the kid. I throwed him in the wagon an' drove on. When I found he was her brother, of course I couldn't give him up, so I told 'em at the Wire Bridge that he was a passenger an' had got shot in the hold-up."

For some time the outlaw remained silent.

"Why didn't you tell me just now? I came near killing you."

"Because I ain't no humpback!" yelled the little man loudly, reverting to his unspeakable indignity. "Le'me up an' fight like a man."

The other regarded him strangely, almost in wonder, but no hint of amusement lay in his eyes. At last he

apologized: "I beg your pardon, Shorty. I didn't mean it. You sure ain't a humpback. We've been too good enemies not to be good friends. You saved that boy, and I'd like to shake your hand. I've heard considerable about you, off and on."

He cut the laces and Shorty rolled out, feeling his many bruises cautiously.

"I never went back on a partner," said Bart, "but you've done more for the boy than I ever could. When you need any help, let me know. I feel like I owed it to you."

Shorty's mind acted quickly.

"I'll take about four fingers of it right now. Ye notice that letter says they're plumb busted—the girl an' the old lady. Well, I've tore this flat all up lookin' for gold. I've wallered in work disgraceful to a section gang till I've wore blisters on every shovel-handle around the place. Fer results, look at this an' weep."

He displayed his tin can with its meagre yellow contents. "Now, s'pose you blow in with some of that ill-gotten of your'n."

"Bet I will," heartily replied the tall man, and from each pocket he produced much currency, tossing it upon the table till the watcher's eyes grew round and wondering. As each exploration resulted in an added roll he remarked: "Say, you remind me of that passage in the Good Book about the Widder Cruse's oil never runnin' out. Seems like your business has its redeeming features, but, dear friend, in givin' to the poor jest remember what the Bible says also, 'It's more easier for a needle to pass through the eye of a camel than for a rich guy to bust into heaven.'"

"Yes, there's easy money in this business, for nery men. I need a partner, too—"

"Wouldn't wish any, thanks," quickly replied the other.

"Well, you're wise." The dark man sighed wearily. "It's a fast, wild life, of course, but it's hell—and they'll send me there some day, sure. Don't let the women know where that money came from," he continued. Then stepping outside, he added shrewdly, "And, Shorty—I hope you marry the girl."

The little man stood a moment dumbly, then leaped savagely at the door.

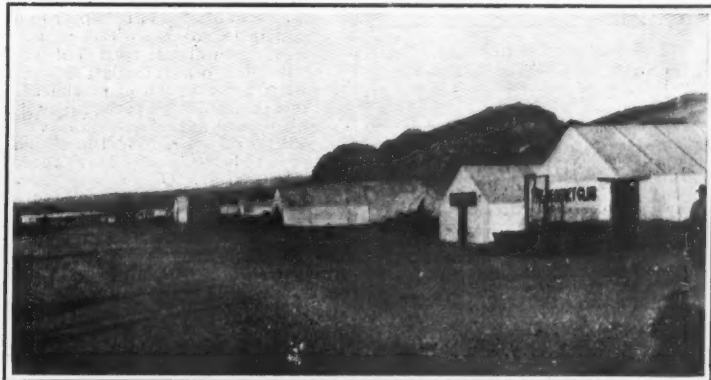
"Here you—" but Bart had melted into the night and there came only the echo of his light laughter, and a rustle across the carpet of pine needles.

Shorty closed the door, trembling so that the latch rattled beneath his touch. A strange new light had flooded him, as though from a sudden whipping off of many bandages, and he felt himself in the grip of some sweet wild passion, no inkling of which had approached him till now. Its intensity, its volume, swept his mind whirling into a drunken tumult, delightful, distracting, acutely painful. "Marry the girl," ah, God! Marry her! Yet, why not? Why not? He loved her, for this must surely be Love, and what else mattered? His great chest swelled to bursting. In his power he stretched his long, iron-muscle arms. He picked the blue page tenderly from the floor, and, as he did so, its dying incense reached his nostrils. Moreover, as he stooped, he saw himself—saw his distorted figure—and at the vision the frenzy in him died icily. With a despairing cry he crushed the letter to him, then, as though jealous of the light, he shattered the lamp, and, hurling himself into his bunk, hid his hopeless face in his arms.

*The story of how Shorty shot the gun out of Black Bart's hands and wounded Link Cushing, when they tried to hold up the coach in which Millicent Cushing was a passenger, was told in "Arms and the Woman," published in COLLIERS for June 17.*



A ten-horse freighter leaving White's ranch for Tonopah and Goldfields



Main street in the town of Beatty, a rag town, every third tent a saloon

## THE NEVADA GOLDFIELDS

*What Cripple Creek and the Klondike meant a few years ago, the dazzling "strike" in Southern Nevada means now. The army of rainbow chasers has shifted its camp from frozen Alaska to the deserts about Tonopah, Goldfields, and Bullfrog*

BY HARRY C. CARR

TENDERFEET, hot after gold, are rushing into the one last little corner of the picturesque American frontier; they are ringing down the curtain on the last act of the old drama of the Border.

There used to be a curious picture in the biograph machines of the "old Star Theatre torn down in one minute." The crazy stampede into the Nevada gold fields is like that. The civilization that took forty years to eat its way into the old border towns is being jolted into the gold hills of Nevada in four months. In Chicago alone, more than five thousand tickets were sold to Goldfields, Nevada, in one month. In cities all through the Middle West, staid clerks and others, heretofore believed to be of sound mind, are selling their little homes and humping for Nevada. They head for Goldfields, but finding it a big town, swarming with people, where it takes money to get mines, they go stumbling on over the desert.

### The Scramble of the Tenderfeet

You can see tenderfeet in hard-boiled derby hats and the most frightful-looking daggers, racing in with gold miners from the Klondike and hard-headed old red-shirters who learned to tie the diamond hitch packing burros in Colorado during the Cripple Creek excitement. It makes one think of children on the sea beach. One spies a pretty pink shell and all run shrieking after it. While they are fighting and scrambling, some one sees a new one and they drop the pretty pink one and scamper wildly off in the new direction. Sometimes an exodus will be made in the middle of the night. Often a man suspected of a rich secret will be followed out of town by a caravan that dogs his footsteps into the hills—to his wrath and disgust. The rushers go hurrying for Thorpe's Wells. Before they have time to more than kick together a few rocks to mark the location of their claims, news will come of a "strike" in the Panamint Range or the Funeral Range, which guards the dreaded Death Valley. Presently they will be pelting in there in the face of the firm belief that Death Valley is carpeted with corpses. The fact is, many years ago, a party of immigrants drank out of a poisoned spring in the valley, and it didn't agree with them to any marked extent. They all died. They are about the only people who ever died there; but the place has been hung with a veil of horror ever since.

As the people rush in, they push back the old Bret Harte towns a little further into the past. They are putting on a fast automobile to take the place of the old "Deadwood Dick" stages. They are projecting a



The Bullfrog ledge in Southern Nevada

railroad to take the place of the twenty-mule freighters whose dust clouds now mark the long gray expanse of the desert. In a little, the old "jerk-line" teams and the mule "skinner," and the "swamper" will plod on into eternity. Like the baa-ing sheep, the tenderfoot is the exterminator of the fierce. Alone he is helpless; he is pitiful, but none can live in the path of his oncoming herd.

So much that is excessive and exaggerated has been told of this really wonderful gold country that the hard, cold truth ought not to come in amiss from the standpoint of one who has traveled through the entire district from end to end without prejudice and without mining stock. A little more than a year ago this Nevada desert was a pitiless waste given over to the buzzard and the little gnarled misshapen Joshua tree, the symbol of desolation and despair. It was discovered by a man who went out there because his heart was bitter, and he thought Joshua trees and buzzards were better than men. Diamond Field Jack Davis was a rough plainsman known from Nome to Rio Grande as a gun man; he was convicted unjustly of a murder to which another man subsequently confessed. Judge O. O. Powers, who had acted as special prosecutor of Jack Davis, somehow came to doubt the man's guilt and got him pardoned after the death warrant had been signed. When Diamond Field Jack walked out of the prison gateway a free man he went to Salt Lake City and found Judge Powers.

### Jack Davis Makes his Strike

"Judge," said Diamond Field Jack, "if you could see your way to stake me, I'm going to take a burro and get away into the desert with the buzzards and Joshua trees; I reckon I've got enough of the human race for a time."

Powers, knowing that the man must be practically penniless, offered to "set him up."

"Judge," said he, "you are a white man. I don't forget my friends. I'll pay you back for this some day."

When next civilization saw Jack Davis he had specimens of ore that set the miners in Tonopah, the nearest frontier town, half crazy. Not long ago Judge Powers was defeated for Congress. Two days after his defeat he received a letter from Diamond Field Jack. It contained shares of stock in a mine in which shares have

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## THE NEVADA GOLDFIELDS

(Continued from page 23)

now gone up to \$10,000, and will some day stand in a fair way to making the man who befriended Diamond Field Jack a millionaire.

There are over six thousand people in Goldfields. It was a Bret Harte town for a while, but the old flavor is going now. There are telegraph lines, young lady typists with side combs, and fresh drummers. The town actually hires a press agent, much after the manner of a circus. It is just on the verge of having a railroad. It lies in the crater of an old volcano amid painted hills that flame with brilliant scarlets, violet grays, ash of roses, and azure blues.

There are two stories about the gold there; one is told by the disgruntled prospector who found nothing but roulette tables; the other is the version of the press agent and the mining promoter; neither is overbalanced with truth. The real truth is not to be had. The mines are all guarded from the public; some of the ore dumps are surrounded by big fences. At present no ore to speak of is being shipped out owing to the prohibitive cost of shipping by wagon. When the railroad comes in, it will be possible to tell the wonderful story of the Goldfields ore. As the mines are just starting, there are hundreds of miners looking for work, and, not finding it, they rush on to the Bullfrog region. This is two days south of Goldfields. These little towns, huddled in the Nevada hills, three days' ride from the nearest railroad, are like an old scene left where the props for a frontier drama have been stowed away. You can't believe it is all real. The Bullfrog is named after a ledge of vivid green ore that crops out from a hillside in the Amargosa Valley of Southern Nevada, overlooking the desert.

It was discovered last summer by a miner named Shorty Harris, in whom no romance lingered. That ledge might have suggested to Shorty the sea at dawn, or the lure of the Lorelei, or something equally frivolous. But to Shorty that green looked like the back of a big bullfrog. So it will be Bullfrog to the end of the chapter. It is hard on the future aristocracy of Bullfrog.

Beatty lies in a mountain pass sprawled across a broad mesa. Men hunt stray burros in canyons of wild picturesqueness. It is a rag town, all canvas; about every third tent is a saloon, after the manner of border towns. Hotels are long canvas tents cut into rooms that quake and shiver in the wind. Amiable bands of burros meander through the streets and lick the labels off tin cans in the back yards. At night, high-tenor burros hee-haw across the starlit canyons to basso profundo burros until the night is hideous. Freighters come crawling in, covered with dust from the desert. Twice a week the big four-horse stage whips in from civilization with the mail. On the bench in front of the tent post-office is the symposium of Bullfrog. Beneath every khaki coat is a pocket full of specimens. Every man believes in the bottom of his heart that he knows the location of the mystical lost Bryfogel mine, the ore of which grows \$10 richer with every telling.

Bryfogel was an old Dutchman. Back in the sixties he left Oregon with two hot-blooded young Southerners on a long circuitous route to join the Confederate army. On the way they came across a ledge of fabulous richness somewhere in Nevada. The two young Southerners would not stop, but Bryfogel's patriotism dwindled. He took samples of the ore to Austin, Nevada, and got partners to go back with him to work the mine. They were followed by a mob of prospectors shadowing them for their secret. Bryfogel lost his way. The mine was never found. The party from Austin were disposed to hang him, but finally relented. He would not go back with them, so they abandoned him with what provisions they could spare. He vowed never to go back until he had found the mine. One day while drinking at Stump Springs, one hundred miles south of Bullfrog, he was hit over the head by a Piute Indian. When he was brought back to life all recollection of the mine had been wiped out of his memory. All the fools in the Southwest who are not hunting for the lost Peg Leg mine are hunting for the lost Bryfogel mine. They claim now that it was in the Bullfrog district.

### One Man Who Did Not Have Time to Find Gold

Captain Beatty, an old-timer for whom the town is named, insists that he knew there was gold there all the time.

"Why didn't I get it? Well, I just never had time. I used to go over those leagues hunting for stray ponies, but I never got time to go after the gold." He says that he drove Shorty Harris out to the Bullfrog ledge and showed it to him.

These Bullfrog towns have their own ideas of morals. Every gambling game known to man goes on in the Beatty saloons. Bullfrog is unbelievably honest except when it comes to mining claims. Out in that awful strip of hot sand, where there is no water for twenty miles, the writer of this saw barrels of it standing in the sun with this simple note pinned to the side: "Mister George Coffey, if you run short of water, you can take this Wanter and return them Bbles to the Gold Centre saloon." Mister George Coffey evidently hadn't run short of "wanter," and in the strip where men and mules have died for it, it stood waiting for its owner.

With claims it is different. Prospectors going in there now have very little chance; they must either buy claims or else go miles into the hills, miles out of the present gold district. Frankly, the whole country about Bullfrog has been "hogged." Under the amazing mining laws of Nevada a man may take up as many claims as he chooses; each one includes about twenty acres. One man admits having taken fifty. Another went round the district on a fast horse staking out every place he saw vacant. One man near Beatty has several acres of alkali meadow waiting to be a town addition. He was asked by the writer how he ever expected to "prove up" that land as mineral claims. "Well," he said, "I reckon there ought to be soda in that alkali, hadn't there?"

Taking up townsites as placer claims and selling them out as lots is so profitable that the market is overdone. Over across the hills from Beatty there sprang up a new town, Bonanza. It grew and grew until the Bonanzans began to shake their heads proudly and say that Beatty had better look out. But a man up the canyon got up a new town and called it Rhyolite. It was a very good town, for it was in the heart of the richest mines, only it didn't have any people. One morning the proud proprietor of Bonanza woke, and lo! he was alone; his was the only tent left; his city streets looked like the day after the circus moves away. The man from Rhyolite had swooped down from the hills and kidnapped his whole town; offered free town lots, and the populace of Bonanza moved out in the night.

Bread costs twenty-five cents a loaf, butter fifty cents a pound, hay \$100 per ton, pies thirty-five cents, livery hire \$10 a day or \$12 with a driver, to keep a horse about \$2.50 a day. Water in all the towns except Beatty and Gold Centre is \$1.50. The Amargosa River runs through the towns mentioned. Eggs cost \$1 per dozen fresh or seventy-five cents packed, cord wood is \$30 per cord, lumber \$125 to \$160 per thousand feet, canned goods, thirty to forty cents. At the tent restaurants ham and eggs come from sixty-five cents to seventy-five cents. In view of the extreme isolation of the place these prices are very reasonable. The freighters now charge from three to six cents a pound to bring anything from the railroad, a hundred miles away. The first hoot of the engine will awaken old Nevada to astonish the world.

But for the old freighter!

The swamper will stamp out the last camp fire and sling the fry pans while the skinner puts in the long mule team, and they will go plodding together across the last divide, the shriek of the locomotive jeering their old jerk line—a long, steady pull, turn to the left, the little short jerks to the right.

## Colleges, Academical and Preparatory Schools—Boys

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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### The Influence of Borax on Health

NOTICES have appeared in the newspapers from time to time of the experiments being conducted at Washington by the Department of Agriculture having for their object an accurate determination of the effects of the preservative and coloring matters used in foods. The first official report of the work has now appeared. This document of nearly five hundred pages is devoted to a description and critical discussion of the results obtained in the tests of the effects of borax and boric acid.

The subjects of the experiments were twelve healthy young men who ate at the special table provided by the Bureau of Chemistry and were placed on their honor not to eat or drink anything except the prescribed diet. Boric acid, or equivalent quantities of borax, were given in amounts varying from a fraction of a grain per day to several grains, the daily administration of the preservative extending over periods of many days. Accurate data of many things connected with metabolism and digestion were obtained and are to be found in the report mentioned above. It may be said that, as a general rule, no very marked effects on digestion or the metabolism of the body could be noted with small doses of these preservatives; large doses produced more marked effects. It is the influence on the general health of the subjects which is of most general interest. It appears that the administration of several grains a day of boric acid or borax will produce loss of appetite, and usually unfits a man for work. The use of small doses, one-half grain per day, for instance, produces no marked effect for a short period of time; after longer periods unfavorable symptoms appear.

It should be borne in mind that these experiments were conducted on healthy, vigorous young men, leading unusually regular lives, and fed on a carefully arranged diet. The results give no good criterion of the effects which might have been produced if the subjects had been children or persons not in good health. It is not on the strong and vigorous that food adulterations work their greatest harm. The results obtained by the Department of Agriculture might well be described as determinations of the minimal harm which can result from a given dose of boric acid or borax.

### Dried Air for Blast Furnaces

A PROCESS has been devised whereby the air used for the blast in blast furnaces is dried by refrigeration before use. A practical application of the method is being made at the Isabella Furnaces near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It is claimed that a saving of twenty per cent in the fuel is made by the removal of the moisture from the air employed. The moisture of ordinary air reacts with the burning carbon of the fuel, using up heat for the reaction, and causing a loss of the carbon. Mr. Gayley, who invented the process, believes that it is on account of the absence of this reaction when dry air is used that the great increase in efficiency of the fuel is obtained. Le Chatelier has calculated the amount of economy which might result from this cause, and finds it scarcely a fourth of the actual saving; he believes that one of the most important factors is the difference in action between moist and dry air on the sulphur content of the iron. The evidence of some of his experiments tends to show that this is at least one factor in the increased efficiency brought about by the dry blast.

### Maturing Coffee by Electricity

A SWEDISH inventor has patented a process for improving the flavor of raw coffee. Coffee is usually stored for several years before roasting, the standing causing slight chemical changes which improve the flavor. This maturing process may be shortened to a few hours by exposing the raw coffee to the action of a powerful magnetic field. The magnetic field is advantageously obtained by two adjustable electro-magnets. It is claimed that the maturing process requires from one-half to two hours, according to the strength of the current in the magnets and the character of the coffee.

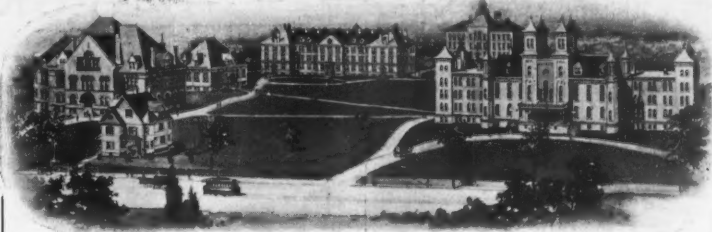
### Items of Scientific Interest

A NEW satellite has been discovered for Jupiter. That planet appears to be rich in moons; this makes the sixth.

On account of the jarring and shaking of the electric accumulators in motor vehicles, the use of acid liquids in them occasions some annoyance. A French investigator has devised a solution for this purpose which, after standing a few hours, sets to a firm jelly, doing away with the inconveniences of the liquid.

It has been found that hydrogen peroxide acts on a photographic plate in a way similar to light. Pictures may be taken by its use. The nature of the influence proceeding from the peroxide is not understood; this adds one more to the already numerous and puzzling "emanations."

An English company for extracting gold from sea water is doing a thriving business—in selling stock. The price of the shares is reported to have risen from five dollars to three hundred and fifty. Judging from our experience in this country, there is likely to be a lot of valuable experience distributed around England in the near future.



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# THE NEGRO SOLDIER

OBSERVATIONS ON HIS CHARACTER, AND STORIES OF HIS WIT AND HUMOR, AS NOTED AMONG OUR COLORED TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES

By JAMES CABELL MINOR

Late Major and Surgeon United States Volunteers



"Private Williams, sir"

THE man who knows how to obey, and who does obey, makes, generally speaking, a good soldier. Whether gifted specially of God with the spirit of obedience, or having acquired it through previous condition or heritage, it is nevertheless a fact that no recruit more highly endowed with that spirit enters the service of the United States army, or sooner becomes expert in his marchings and manual at arms, neater in dress, cleaner in person, more conversant with or amenable to the army regulations and the articles of war, or more attentive to the details of duties, than the negro. Obedience is his sheet-anchor. The foreign elements of our army having, as a rule, been rigidly drilled in the details of an elementary education in either military or church schools, are more valuable in our executive departments than even our own less energetic, liberty-soaked American; but the negro is in camp and field as well disciplined a soldier as any of these army elements.

THE negro soldier loves applause. He loves the uniform of his country; it freed his father and mother from a servitude alleged obnoxious.

He loves it because in the ranks there is uniformity and in uniformity there is always an admirable picture, and he is in that picture. Discipline is easy to him. He is naturally obedient. He loves to be disciplined because he learns; he loves to learn because he believes it elevates him and puts him in a position to be further toward equality with the other races of the world. In the Philippines he loves to appear well, and learn, and be applauded; for there he is with a race respected more or less by the world and akin to him in color. To overcome his stupidity, his slouchiness, his laziness, and his superstition it takes at first patience and tact and rigid discipline.

"I's a war'ior bo'n an' peace troubles mer min'." The voice was the whining, half-exhausted effort of a negro recruit, who, whenever the call came for troops to go to the front, or on any expedition of danger, had either been in the guardhouse or in the hospital. This occasion found him a patient in the hospital. He was conversing with a private who had been permitted to visit him. He appeared little like a soldier, sitting arrayed in pajamas on the edge of his cot. He looked injured as he gazed down between his knees, doubtless at imaginary armies slaughtering and being slaughtered, and he not there. He was crafty. He knew that the detail had not left for the front, and there might be danger yet of his going.

"Yas, sah, I tells yer whut 'tis, Jorn, I's a war'ior bo'n an' peace troubles mer min'." I's b'en in six baddles, an' de Lawd he's b'en wid me, but dis heah hors'piddle is de sebn't. You know yer read in de Big Book whar hit say, 'De fust two times de Lawd he's wid yer, an' de second two times de Lawd he's wid yer, and de third two times de Lawd he's wid yer, but hit don't say nuthin' 'bout dis heah sebn't time—dis heah hors'piddle.'"

He shook his head resignedly, as though his time had come to die in ignominy, but he was ready to go and be reckoned with the martyrs.

John disconcerted him; said he, "Well, Riley, de way I transcribes dat is dis." And he paused with the earnestness of a colored philosopher. "De sebn't time you's gwine to be wid de Lawd."

THE negro soldier is easily encouraged to perfect his work, and, on the other hand, there are times when he becomes discouraged. Harsh discipline, when necessary, is usually fruitful of good; but often the recruit, and even the seasoned soldier, comes in contact with the officer of the irrational or unbalanced type, and his pride and his disposition suffer thereby.

Los Baños, the Hot Springs of the Philippines, was at one time during the hostilities with the forces of General Malvar, in whose bailiwick these famous springs are situated, quite a prominent point in the medical history of the Philippine War; indeed, it boasted the dignity of a division hospital, and was therefore under the direct command of the chief surgeon of the Philippines. It so happened that George M. Sternberg, the Surgeon-General of the army, was to make a visit semi-official to the little hospital. The surgeon, a stickler for military etiquette, decided to honor the distinguished party by appointing an orderly for the general. In the little hospital corps detachment was one negro soldier—"Private Williams, sir, if you please," as he put it. "Bucking for orderly" is always a matter of competition with the soldier, but the "bucking for orderly" for the Surgeon-General brought forth all the energy and metal polish in the post. For the next twenty-four hours men could be seen with polishing cloths and brushes and buttons and buckles making for secluded spots and returning with bundles of equipment all wrapped up and hidden from view. The morning inspection following was to determine who would draw the prized appointment. Never did equipments so shine in Los Baños. But there was one object simply dazzling. Everything about him shone like snow, jet, or gold. From his teeth ad ungum "Private Williams, sir," was a shining success. More than this, Williams was the only man in the line who recited perfectly the form of report for an orderly taking post for a general officer. "I would report to the junior in the Surgeon-General's party in the following manner: 'Sir Private Williams, of the United States Hospital Corps, reports to the major, as orderly for the Surgeon-General.'"

The party arrived. Private Williams was glittering in the noonday sun of the tropics, with his eyes proudly and properly set on one Major Walkenson, Surgeon United States Army, as the man to whom he was going to report. The critical moment arrived. Private Williams delivered himself of his charge as gracefully and perfectly as ever a page to a king. The impression created on the party was satisfactory to all save one man, Walkenson. All waited to hear Walkenson address



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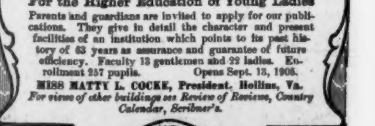
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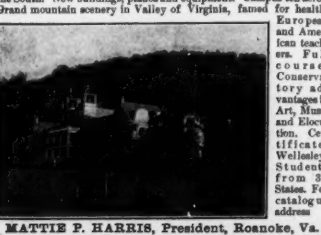
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## THE NEGRO SOLDIER

(Continued from page 20)

the Surgeon-General and report in proper military form the dapper orderly for duty, or else assign him to his post. Walkenson, more a farmer than a soldier, was confused. He reported, however. Private Williams was stunned perceptibly, but when he came to, Walkenson's words were doubtless still ringing in his ears—"General, here's a nigger reportin' to you as orderly." We put Williams in the hospital that day, his pride and ambition crushed; crushed by the stupidity of an officer of ten years' service, more a burden than an acquisition to the medical corps in which he was allowed to draw his pay.

PAYDAY in the Philippines is always an interesting occasion. Speculation as to what the soldier is going to do with the month's pay after all fines, summary courts or courts martial have been liquidated, is a matter of anxiety for the commanding officer; a question of keenest competitive eagerness on the part of the tradespeople, and one that brings out the saloon man and gambler in his best smile and gala attire. Payday is of interest to the observer among troops in the Philippines for many reasons; among them is the difference in behavior exhibited by the white soldier and the negro. Since abolishing the post-canteen system, payday means for many among the white troops practically a suspension of duty for a more or less brief period of unrest or rest in the guardhouse and hospital. Among the negro troops at all times it means elysium as long as the money lasts, perfect bliss in the enjoyment of music, song, women, and fried chicken, and some "craps." The negro soldier, as a rule, does not spend his money for liquor. It is as rare to see him drunk as it is to see the Filipino in such a condition. Woman, music, and chicken are to the negro soldier what wit, wine, and woman are to the conventional reveler of the Bohemian world, but the greatest of all is woman.

It was always amusing to see a negro regiment on the march, and if ever a battalion of negro soldiers was transferred to another post, one would invariably see a battalion of Filipino women bringing up the rear. They would follow the soldier for various reasons. Some, because the soldier owed them a wash bill; others, because in that battalion were soldiers bold who had married on the "contract" or "querida" plan; others, on the "Church" or "eglesia" plan, and would not be deserted.

The negro soldiers made good husbands to these women, whether married by the contract plan or by the Church ceremony. At one time the marriages were so many in a regiment that when the time came for the regiment to return to the States, the colonel, rather than have the women and children deserted, it is reported, declined to allow the men to be transported as soldiers to the States, but had them accept in the islands discharges from the service. Just what the result of these alliances will be in the future will make an interesting study for the sociologist and politician.

THE negro soldier of the uneducated class is not always stupid. One of the privates of the Forty-eighth Volunteer Infantry created a deal of amusement in a little court of inquiry one day, in which the loss of a carabao, killed by the Manila and Dagupan Railway, was being adjusted. A certain pedantic young officer, who had graduated in law at one of the States universities, always anxious and ready to appear as judge advocate, and in any and all functions of litigation, was in the position of prosecutor. The erudite young man expended about twenty minutes of the court's time instructing the negro soldier who had seen the killing as to how he should bear testimony.

"Now," said he, closing his speech of instruction, "just tell the court in as few words as possible what you saw on the 24th day of June, 1900, while walking down the track of the Manila and Dagupan Railway about nine o'clock in the morning. Tell the court how the animal was killed and just what you saw. Don't use, now, all the words in the dictionary. Proceed."

The soldier looked puzzled at first—a perfect picture of stupidity. He frowned as though deep in thought. He turned his head on one side. He gazed toward the ceiling as if hoping for Divine inspiration. Finally his face lighted up faintly and he drawled out: "Well, Cap'n, hit jes' tooted and tuck 'im."

THE negro recruit of the uneducated type is a shiftless sort, but misfortune and adversity rarely disconcert him. He is generally without money, but never hesitates to approach a white officer to be accommodated should he need a small sum. One of this class accosted me one day. As he approached I saw, by his smile and the scratching attitude of his right hand to his head, that he was going to ask a favor. I had met him on such ground before.

"Marse William"—he didn't call me Captain, nor does a negro assume the dignity of a soldier, further than the prescribed salute. When asking a favor of a white officer, but he comes with the heart-to-heart manner of old times—"Marse William," said he, "you ain't got nar' a nickel you'd like to 'spose of dis mornin', is yer?"

I answered gruffly: "No, I have not." I emphasized every word of it and glared at him wickedly. He did not flinch or take the reply as an unkind one at all; simply bowed and passed on, saying: "Yas, sah. I knowed if you had it I could git it."

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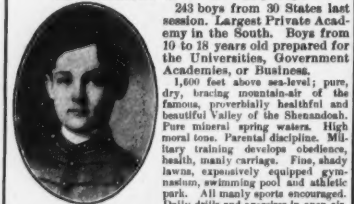
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## INFERNO of the THIRD CLASS

(Continued from page 15)

ting us to "One Ration," and instructing us to form a group of six or more and elect one of the group *capo di rancio*, or chief of the mess, to go and get our food. I performed this task, lining up with the others on deck, where the food was served to us from huge baskets and caldrons in a slap-dash fashion by dirty steerage cooks and steerage stewards, while a ship's officer and the naval commissioner placed by the Italian Government on every ship carrying Italian emigrants stood by and watched. In this manner the food was produced throughout the voyage. I was in every compartment used by steerage passengers, and at no time saw a table or anything resembling it or usable for the purpose, and saw no chairs or benches of any sort either for use during eating or for sitting in compartments or on deck, except a few tiny rush chairs brought aboard by passengers themselves. At no time was there any chair or bench provided by the ship for sitting down except in the hospital. When one ate one squatted on deck, perched on the hatches or winches, or went below and climbed into bed. My wife and I ate in this fashion until we found the underground railway for high-priced left-over food from the cook's galley. We were expected to wash our pans in a room where cold salt water ran.

The beds provided were of iron, skeleton bunk form, in two tiers, and were massed in hundreds in the various compartments. The mattress was a dirty burlap tick, filled with some coarse substance like a vegetable fibre. The covering was a skimpy "blanket," such as I would not put on a horse I cared for. The beds, bedding, compartments, companions, etc., were dirty when we found them and dirty when we left.

Some months later, on our return voyage, when we had a large party of immigrants with us, we found precisely the same conditions aboard the great, beautiful *Princess Irene* of the North-German Lloyd Line. All food was served in the same way, the compartments were just as filthy and ill ventilated. The separation of passengers was effected by compelling all the men and boys to occupy certain apartments, while all the women and children were placed in certain others. In the compartment in which my wife was all the berths were open, as are the majority of the steerage berths on nearly all ships, affording no privacy at any time. On neither the *Lahn* nor the *Princess Irene* were there screening partitions of any kind whatsoever, and I saw two women and four children lying in two adjacent berths. I had no means of measuring the compartment to ascertain if the law was being complied with, but even if it was, that as well as the other compartments were overcrowded by the more than two hundred persons there, in a shameful, revolting, and inhuman fashion that should never be permitted by a nation that abolished the slave ships.

### The Horrors of a Stormy Night

I have been in wars, wrecks, great fires, and the like, but let me picture one of the most terrible things I have ever witnessed. It was a night of storm. Great waves were breaking with heavy crashes over the forward decks. The ship was pitching and rolling so heavily that one could stay in the shallow berths with difficulty. The hundreds down in the steerage compartments were deathly seasick and mad with the terror of the tempest. Over the beds, over their persons, over the walls, over the companions, like a layer over the floor, lay ejected food and other filth.

A few dim lights set in the ceiling allowed one to grope about that hole. The air was so stifling that the feeble lay open-mouthed, beating their hands fluttering on their faces and breasts. A great heave and a heavy crash would come, followed by a chorus of yells and shrieks; baggage and sick would come tumbling out of the bunks. On every hand were human beings, struggling to their knees, clinging to the posts of the bunks, praying for their very lives in a pouring murmur that filled in the interludes of the noises of the storm. Last January the *Vaderland* brought in many dead after a heavy trip. Have those to blame been punished?

This terrible scene I have described is one re-enacted on every rough voyage aboard the big immigrant carriers. What is wanted is more space, more air, receptacles such as are given first and second cabin passengers, adequate light, adequate care, etc. As to the cleaning of the compartments, it is done with a salt-water hose in those periods of good weather when the passengers can be got up on deck out of the way. In the best of weather the average washout is three times a week only.

In the inspection of a large number of ships made recently in the port of New York, I have found masses of convincing facts of which but a few can be adduced here. It is fair to state at the outset that on board the ships of some lines very superior accommodations were found for the third class. These lines are the Scandinavian-American, Holland-American, Red Star, Cunard, and American Lines. The best quarters I saw were aboard the American and Cunard ships, where the third-class passengers are berthed in two, four and six berth rooms and are fed at tables, and in many ships in excellent dining-rooms, and dining-rooms are being put in the ships where makeshift tables are now being used. When I compare what the American and Cunard ships consider living up to the law of 1882 with the accommodations on the

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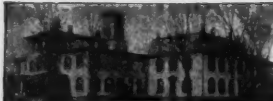
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## INFERNO of the THIRD CLASS

(Continued from page 28)

Hamburg-American, North-German Lloyd, French, Italian and other lines, I am astounded that mere competition does not right the matter, for the rates on the good ships are equal to or proportionately lower than the rates on the bad ones. In all cases the average is more than one-third of first-class fare and the accommodations are about one-tenth those received in the first cabin.

On board the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique steamer *La Bretagne*, commanded by Captain Poncelet, on the 21st of June, after she had arrived with 621 steerage passengers, I found no signs to show the number of persons allowed in each compartment, and in a large compartment nearly amidships on the second deck there were no ventilators then in position or any devices which appeared to be ventilators, this though the place was crammed with bunks and the compartment was barely over seven feet high. For the use of the passengers in this compartment, apparently between one hundred and two hundred, there was one table and two benches that might have seated twelve persons. The odors, even three days after the place had been emptied and the hatches opened up, were frightful. The principal air supply seemed to be from the companionway, which opened, not on to the deck, but on to a narrow alley way which received its air supply from still higher up. I put my fingers inside some piled-up pots in a makeshift pantry in the compartments and found the vessels covered with a film of grease and very dirty inside. On all sides there were traces of filth of which it is not necessary to designate the origin. In a beam immediately over a bunk, so situated as to be in about the worst possible place, I saw an inscription written in rude dialect, which roughly translated reads: "May the Holy Mother forever forget the cross-eyed dog that induced me and my family to enter this inferno. There is no escape!"

The *Roma* of the Fabre Line, a noted immigrant carrier, a French vessel commanded by Captain Verries, we inspected on the 19th of June, not many hours before she sailed, and when she was supposed to be in as good condition as she ever is. On the main deck we found a great compartment, larger than any of the others fore and aft, with hundreds of beds packed in the one room. Piled up in one corner were heaps of garbage-like filth. In a smaller compartment we found there were absolutely no port-holes, and the place reeked with the pungent stench from a clump of wet filth on the deck near the bulkhead, seemingly from a leaking drain. Up on the forward deck were four white steers that had more space proportionately and must certainly have had more care than the passengers below. There were no signs of tables or benches or utensils for feeding below decks.

### Filthy Condition of Many Ships

On the 16th of June, the day before she sailed, we inspected the *Rhaetia* of the Hamburg-American Line, commanded by Captain Behrens, intended as an immigrant carrier, a brand new ship on her first trip. We found the compartments to be all on the main deck, all open steerage, without any pretence of partitions to screen one bunk from its neighbor, and all the compartments were reeking with dirt and decaying food, sausages, cheese, fruit, ejected food, half emptied bottles, though there had been five days in which to clean the place. She brought in 866 steerage passengers, though of only 4,441 tons. As we left, the stewards were gathering up the garbage in blankets taken from the bunks.

The *Prins Orkar*, commanded by Captain Dugge, of the Hamburg-American line, we visited on June 23, two days after she had arrived, bringing in 1,122 steerage passengers. There was not one third-class compartment examined which was not in a vile condition, with human filth on the deck, overhead works, beds and bedding. All that was needed was a close inspection to see it. Vermin of several sorts were extremely plentiful. In No. 4 compartment, on the second deck below air, we found 179 beds, and the ventilators screened over and so choked with waste as to admit only a fraction of the ventilation intended. There was one table in the place, which might have seated fourteen with crowding.

Captain Magin's ship of this same line, the great immigrant carrier *Patricia*, we inspected on the 16th of June, just after she had landed 2,408 steerage passengers; and how human beings ever sustained life in those lower-deck compartments from the 4th of June, when the ship left Dover and Boulogne, I can hardly understand, except as I remember what I bore up under myself on my own voyages as an immigrant. The ship had been cleaned for inspection and sailing, but I could find dirt almost wherever I chose to look for it. There was the usual failure to make any pretence at screening partitions. Human filth adorned beds, bedding and sides of the ship. In haupt or main deck compartment VII, I found a sign showing the German inspection measurements to have given the compartment 564 cubic meters, allotting 108 persons; on the next deck below, in a compartment of exactly the same sort, there was the marking "Zwd VII 564 Cbm für 108 personen," or Second deck No. 7, 564 cubic meters for 108 persons. There were beds to correspond with the allotments, in spite of the fact that the law requires 20 per cent. more space per passenger on this lower deck.

Concerning the North-German Lloyd Line, perhaps the heaviest immigrant carrier into the port of New York, I have given a suffi-

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**The Corn Broom**

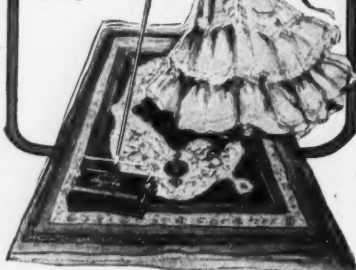
Few women in this age believe that the broom is better than the Bissell sweeper, but there are many who think it is more economical.

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Beyond the great economy in direct cost of the Bissell, just consider how it saves time, labor and health, does the work in one-quarter of the time, with 95% less effort than the corn broom requires, makes no noise, raises no dust, and an invalid can use it. Ask your physician what he thinks of the sweeper from a sanitary point of view. Don't sacrifice so much comfort and convenience when it can be obtained so cheaply.

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Is the ideal combination of the Oriental Narghile without its clumsiness, and the Occidental pipe without its injurious effects on the health of the smoker. The Turkish Water Pipe affords the healthiest smoke as proved by the proverbial longevity of the Turks. The famous Turco-American Glass Pipe is a portable pipe with all the health comforts of the Narghile and the convenience of the every day pipe.

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It tells how to learn to play any instrument. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 901 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## INFERNO of the THIRD CLASS

(Continued from page 29)

cient description of the methods of handling of the despised immigrant, and will simply say that I found slight change in conditions and will add a few facts that are salient. On the *Barbarossa*, commanded by Captain Langreuter, though the company's own advertising matter says that 1,600 third-class passengers may be carried when the full space is used, we found 1,955 were brought in when she arrived. Were the extra 355 given cabin accommodations or jammed into places never intended to be occupied by human beings who must have light and air? On the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, Captain Richter, we found no effort at screening partitions, and stepped from the magnificent environment of the gorgeous first cabin into the stench, dirt, and hideousness of the third class. There is no such difference in the price of passage. On the *Koenigin Luise*, commanded by Captain Volger, one of the big immigrant ships of the Lloyd line, we found about the same arrangements I have described on the *Princess Irene*, and in No. 4 division a compartment with 348 beds in it, with another containing 300 just below, and stewards working in the dark trying to scavenge the place of debris, garbage and human filth, gathering it up in bedding. It was a hot day, and something of the conditions down on those lower decks can be imagined when both myself and an assistant were so sickened we were unable to complete the task of counting, measuring and inspecting the ventilators in an effort to prove the impossibility of sufficient ventilation for such a large number of people. On the *Grosser Kurfuerst*, Captain Menz, we found on the 10th of June a condition of cleanliness far better than the average, but the board bulkheads, meant to partition off that portion of the ship intended, as we were informed by a steward, for the unmarried women, did not reach down to the under deck, but only to the bottom of the beds, so that any one who chose might enter. We also found a main deck compartment marked for 215 persons with no measurements, and immediately beneath it a compartment of identical sort, only minus a small pantry that was in the main deck compartment, marked for 217.

On the *Teutonic* of the White Star Line, commanded by Captain McKinstry, I found on the 23d of June better accommodations than the average, but dirt and filth of an unsanitary sort were abundant in the hidden corners: guard rails, gear, dirty utensils were piled in on the beds, and the ventilation was poor, while the tables and benches seen were in a wretched state. On the great *Baltic*, Captain Smith's ship of the same line, we found similar though slightly better conditions.

Carried 1,106 Steerage; Allowed to Carry 94

On the Royal Italian Mail steamer *Sardagna* of the Compagnia Navigazione Generale Italiana, commanded by Captain Parodi, I found on June 23 conditions that were appalling. Taking my knife, I scraped with ease a handful of filth of human origin from the iron slats of one of the beds in a crowded, foul, ill-ventilated compartment. Vermin were so numerous that it was impossible to escape them. In a lower forward compartment there were absolutely no port-holes, making the place a dismal pit with four crooked foot-wide pipes to supply the scores of human beings with air. The beds had been kalsomined many times to cover dirt, and the stewards were at work in some compartments carrying out repulsive masses accumulated on the voyage, using blankets taken from the beds as conveyances. This vessel was inspected on May 9 last by inspectors Tuthill and Jones, and her certificate says she has 12 wooden lifeboats, 4 life rafts and 337 life-preservers, and can carry 73 first class, 45 second class, and 94 third class passengers, a total of 212; yet on her voyage from Naples, June 8, to New York, June 22d she brought 1,106 steerage alone. Note that this is not against the law, the certificate only works one way, but I am hoping the revelations I am making will throttle these acts of commercial greed, by inciting reform legislation that will cover such a case.

On page 14 there is reproduced a table which tells its own tale and needs no comment; I had hoped to drive home some of the evidence gathered in this line, but when I went to the office of the Surveyor of the Port, I had no difficulty in getting admission for general information until on a second visit, when I began to get down to brass tacks, I was held up politely by Inspector Edward S. Tuthill till his superiors could be consulted, and then I was informed—with due courtesy, but nevertheless informed—that by the order of the Surveyor of the Port I could not consult the records of the office for specific data, in particular the records of the admeasurements of compartments as to the number of passengers each ship might carry in each compartment. Having made all of the inspections of the ships, many of which can not be mentioned here, entirely without permit, except a pass from the Hamburg-American line (which was never used, as there was a question in my mind as to the fairness of the method of obtaining it), and having been debarred from certain piers, it was impossible for me to risk detection by openly measuring the compartments myself; but this bare, unqualified and uncolored statement of conditions ought to force a thorough overhauling of the present administrative machinery, and a new, clearer and more stringent law as soon as Congress can pass it.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

## Roof Leak?

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

will add at least ten years to the life of a new or an old leaky SHINGLE, TIN or FELT roof?

**Roof Seak** is a heavy rubberlike weatherproof liquid cement made in Black, Medium and Dark Maroon, Medium and Dark Green. One coat will make an old porous, leaky roof watertight, and this one coat is equal in thickness to three coats of pure linseed oil paint and is far superior in durability. Does not crack in the coldest weather or soften under highest heat. A boy can apply it. Imparts no taste to water. Highly fireproof.

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**Roof Seak** is not only suitable for roof protection, but is the best liquid protection possible to make for tin, iron or wood, subjected to arctic or tropical weather or to heat, brine or acid or for electrical insulation.

**Roof Seak** wants your order—if your dealer does not carry it, we will fill your order direct. Price east of Colorado in one-gallon cans, \$1.00 per gallon; in three, five and ten gallon kits, 75c per gallon. Freight prepaid 500 miles from New York or Chicago on five gallons. 1000 miles on ten gallons or more—slightly higher f. o. b. distributing points beyond.

**Roof Seak** liquid sample by mail with booklet and color card on request. It is worth sending for if you own a roof. A pint, enough to coat 20 square feet and enough to give "Roof Seak" a thoroughly practical test, by express prepaid to your door for 20c. in stamps or 2 dimes.

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**BULL DOG**

**SUSPENDERS**

50 Cents

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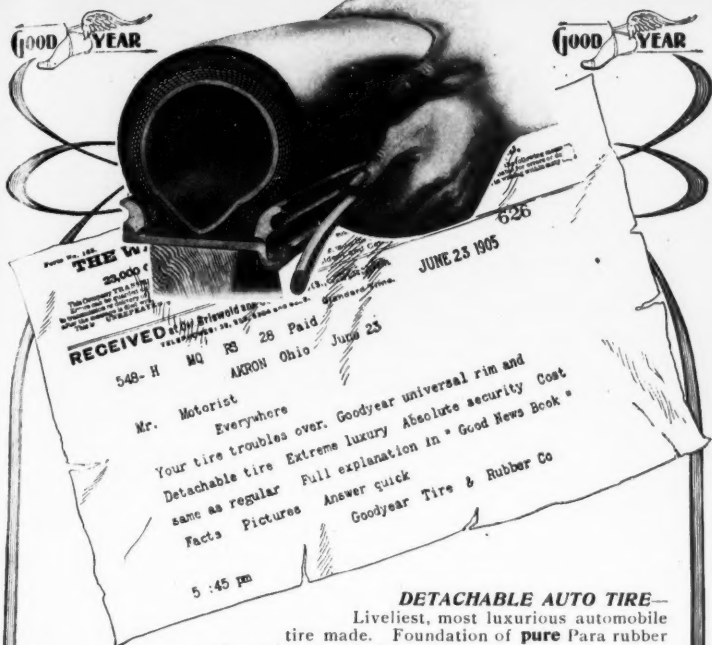
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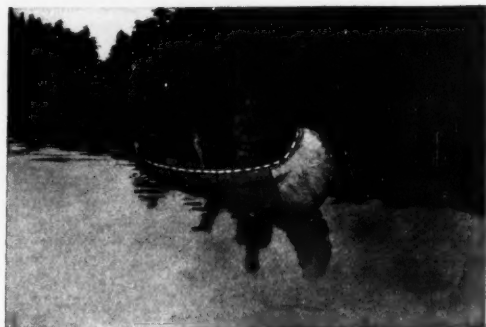
# Goodyear

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EVENING ON A CANADIAN LAKE

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## FREDERIC REMINGTON

generally considered the ablest out-of-doors artist of our time. This particular picture is an excellent reproduction of the original, done in full color on heavy plate paper, carefully mounted with mat ready for framing. Size 24 x 18 inches.

Sent anywhere on receipt of \$2.00.

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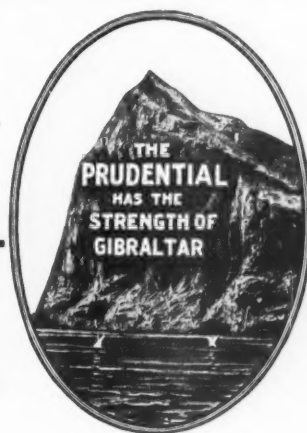
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# Waltham

## THE AMERICAN WATCH

### How a WALTHAM WATCH Set England's Time

American Waltham Watch Co.,  
Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

26 Orms on Road, Westcombe Park,  
London, S. E. England, 10-2-97.

GENTLEMEN: About three years since, acting on the advice of a friend who had had one of your watches for about eighteen years, I purchased a Lever Waltham Watch. I am happy to say it has turned out a marvel of accuracy, and under the circumstances I feel I am only doing my duty in bringing this fact to your notice. \* \* \* But perhaps this most unique performance, and the one of which I am especially proud, is the fact that by its aid I was able to detect an error in the fall of the time-ball at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, which gives the standard time to the civilized world. It happened as follows: I make a practice of watching the fall of the time-ball each day at 1 o'clock P. M., whenever the air is clear enough, and one day, to my surprise, I found the ball had dropped some few seconds before I had expected it to. *I had such confidence in my watch that I did not believe it was at fault, and felt sure that some mistake had been made at the Observatory.* On telling some of my friends of my convictions, I was simply laughed at for my impudence in daring to pit my Waltham watch against the accuracy of the Royal Observatory. However, to set the matter at rest, I wrote to the Astronomer Royal, telling him of my conviction, and asking him if he would let me know whether I was right or wrong. *In return I received a courteous reply from the Astronomer Royal, stating that I was quite right, and that on the day named, owing to an accident, the ball was dropped*

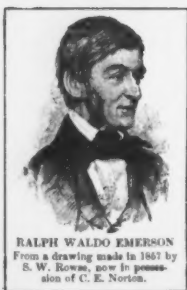
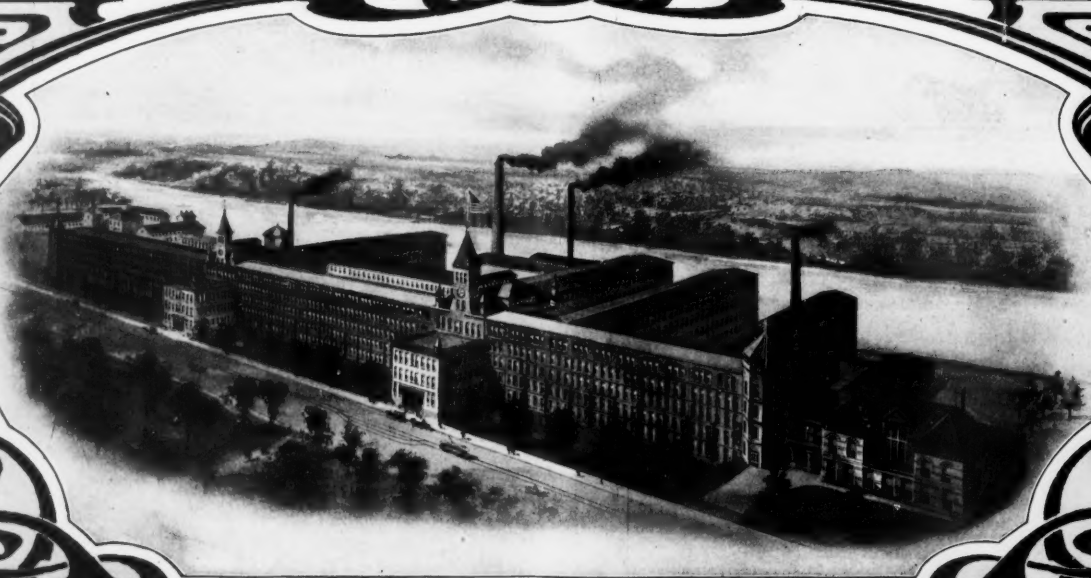
about eighteen seconds too soon. This seems to me such a remarkable proof of the reliability of your watches that I feel justified in bringing it to your notice. If you would care to have the Astronomer Royal's letter as a memento, I should be pleased to hear from you to that effect. Wishing every success and prosperity to your deservedly world-famed Company,  
I remain, Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS WHEATE.

### "Taken from the Enemy"

*The following is a translation of a part of a speech delivered in Switzerland, November, 1876, by M. Edw. Favre-Perret, the chief Commissioner in the Swiss Department and member of the International Jury on watches at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is worthy the attention of every good American.*

"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with him for three or four days, that they might regulate it. On the contrary, I said to him, 'I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship.' On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters . . . who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
From a drawing made in 1867 by  
S. W. Rowe, now in possession  
of C. E. Norton.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the Concord Philosopher, used the Waltham Watch as a type of the highest development when he wrote in one of his Essays on Eloquence, in speaking of a man whom he described as a leader, and a Godsend to his community:

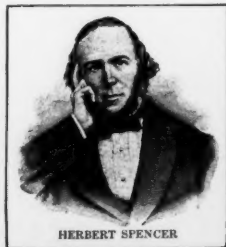
"He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

HERBERT SPENCER in his Autobiography, Vol. II, Page 167, American Edition:

"The presentation watch named in Prof. Youmans' letter, was one of those manufactured by the Waltham Watch Company. . . . It has proved a great treasure as a time-keeper, and has excited the envy of friends who have known its performances." \*

\* "I find in a letter written in December, 1880, after the watch had been in my possession fourteen years, a paragraph respecting it which may be quoted:—'I have several times intended to tell you how wonderfully well my American watch has been going of late. It has always gone with perfect regularity, either losing a little or gaining a little; but of course it has been difficult to adjust its regulator to such a nicety as that there should be scarcely any loss or gain. This, however, was done last summer. It was set by the chronometer-maker in July, and it is now half a minute too slow; never having varied more than half a minute from the true time since the period when it was set. This is wonderful going. As the Admiral says, one might very well navigate a ship by it.'"

(*"In 1890 it went with equal nicety; lost 42 seconds in half a year."*)



HERBERT SPENCER

"The Perfected American Watch" —An illustrated book of interesting information about watches, will be sent free upon request.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.